

MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. VI.—NO. 47.

MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1895.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM

BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

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W. D. COWAN, L.D.S., D.D.S., Surgeon-Dentist, of Regina, (graduate of the oldest Dental College in the world), visits Moose Jaw staying at the Dining Hall on the first Monday and following Tuesday of every month.

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I. O. F., Court Moose Jaw No. 509, holds its regular meeting in Annable Hall, on the last Tuesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m. Every member is requested to attend. Next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday, May 29th. R. W. Timmins, C.R. C. L. Ross, R.S.

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Building material of all kinds on hand. We manufacture windows, doors, frames, scroll sawing, &c. Any of the above not in stock made to order on shortest notice. We are headquarters for screens, windows, and doors. Cedar and spruce posts for fencing. Fancy or plain pickets for fencing. We have on hand a quantity of chop, and have just received a car of oak wood. Call and get our cash prices; you will find them right.

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FOR WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS,

The pick of the choicest brands selected from the markets of both hemispheres, also American Lager, Domestic Ale and Porter, Guinness's Stout, and Bass' Pale Ale, call on or write to

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Store closes at 18 o'clock; take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

Read This and Profit By It!

Boys' straw hats 10c, men's straw hats 10c. Straw hats for children, girls, boys, ladies and men. Boys' caps from 10c up, boy's shirts from 25c up, men's shirts from 25c up, men's underwear 25c each piece, ladies' slippers 25c up. Fast colors, dress gingham for 7c, worth 10c, cotton chailies, dark and light colored, for 8c, was 12c, Flannelettes 7c worth 10c, 20 yards 34 inch grey cotton for \$1.00, 42 inch all wool cashmere, all shades, for 35c, worth 50c; 38 inch all wool serge, all shades for 30c per yard; black Surah silk, a beauty, for 68c; China silks 30c per yard, velveteens 35c per yard.

SEE OUR COTTON HOSIERY.

12 pair men's socks for \$1.00, lace curtains for 40c per pair. Drop in when any member of the family requires a pair of SHOES and get a good wearing, high class, LOW PRICED PAIR. Wall paper AWAY DOWN IN PRICE.

Above Prices ARE ALL CASH.

T. W. ROBINSON

GREAT CAESAR!
Had "Grip and Bear It" when he had a pain. You can grip and bear it once by using PAIN KILLER.
Pain Killer
Good and used everywhere. A whole medicine chest by itself. Kills every form of external or internal pain. Dose—A teaspoonful in half glass of water or milk (warm if convenient).

I. M. CHALMERS :

With the keen competition of trade we have been stimulated to greater care in purchasing than formerly and the result is our stock is undoubtedly the choicest and presents greater values than heretofore.

PRINTS.

In prints the variety and patterns are much superior, embracing the latest designs and colorings. Extra wide cloth which usually sells at 15 cts. we offer for 13 1/2 cts.

One of Our Many Leaders.

Ladies' Health Brand under vests only 9 cents each—Extra Value.

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Our Dress Goods in costume length are acknowledged by all to be wonderful. They are meeting with ready sale. Our Cashmerettes, Crapons, and Duckings are undoubtedly the finest. We invite every lady to examine our many lines.

I. M. CHALMERS.

FOUR \$125 BICYCLES

FREE BY WRITING
Now is your opportunity! Do not delay a moment! We will give FOUR BICYCLES as premiums to the ladies or gentlemen sending in the four largest lists of new subscribers to **Winnipeg Saturday Night** before the end of July, 1895. All that is required is a little effort in your spare hours and you secure absolutely for nothing one of the BEST MADE CYCLES in America. Begin at once. Send for sample copies and full particulars.

WINNIPEG SATURDAY NIGHT
182 and 184 McDermot Avenue, Winnipeg.

A DRAINAGE PROPOSITION.

THE C.P.R. WILL GO HALVES ON A SHORT SEWER.

The Town Will Resume Negotiations With the Company—The Inspector and Health Board Chairman Have a Tiff in Council Meeting.

The stereotyped dullness of the regular council meeting on Monday was considerably relieved by a little duel of words that occurred between Chairman Wilson of the Board of Health and Insp. Langford. The Mayor could not restrain his laughter at the incident, even while he shouted for order. Coun. Ferguson was the only vacant chair on that occasion.

The communications read by the clerk included the resignation of His Worship. Consideration deferred.

DRAINAGE.

The following letter, dated May 13th, and addressed to the Mayor and Council, was read:

"Some time ago the town of Moose Jaw offered \$100.00 towards a catch-basin and drain to be put in on Main street, from low ground in front of dining hall to low ground and creek south of track. The engineer's figures to complete the work properly amounted to \$450.00. In view of the improvements the Company are making around the station, and the fact that the majority of streets can be drained into this catch-basin, it is thought that at least half the expense should be borne by the town. Will you kindly see what can be done in the matter. (Sgd.) C. W. MILESTONE, Asst. Supt. C. P. R."

The clerk, who was a member of the Council of 1893, when a drainage survey was made, was asked for information. He stated that it had been found by Mr. Ducker, who made the survey, that all the central portion of the town naturally drained into the low ground north of the dining hall. The council at that time offered to pay \$100.00 towards a catch-basin and drain, as an outlet for town drainage. After discussion it was decided to renew the offer of \$100.00, on condition that the C.P.R. Co. will put in a drain that will carry off all the water and will maintain it in working order.

REPORT OF FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Your finance committee beg to report as follows: That account of Hugh McDougall for \$213.55 is correct, and also that of Caleb Langford \$35.00 for salary up to May 12th, and that an order be drawn on the treasurer for payment of same; That Mrs. Hammond's request for extension until July 31st to pay her taxes be granted and the collector notified; That the treasurer's statement for April be received, but that he be asked to explain why only \$12.00 has been collected from H. W. Carter instead of \$25.00; That this committee recommend that the collector be notified that all taxes which he has not been instructed not to collect, must be collected before the 31st of this month, and that the council make no further extension of time for the return of the collector's roll. (Sgd.) A. WILCOX, Chairman. Report adopted.

ABOUT SOME STRAW.

Couna Kent and Wilson proposed a resolution to instruct the inspector to enforce the by-law respecting the removal of straw and manure.

Before the question was put, Insp. Langford, by leave, said he would like counsellors, when they discover cases in which he has neglected his duty, to first speak to him about it. So far as he knew all parties who had refused on their premises, were removing same as speedily as possible. The wind was so strong on many days this spring that it was impossible to remove straw. He acknowledged in one case having been remiss, else Coun. Wilson would not have a pile of manure lying in a lane.

Coun. Wilson—"I have no manure in a lane."

Inspector—"Then you must have removed it yesterday."

Coun. Wilson—"I didn't remove it yesterday."

Inspector—"It was there very recently. If Coun. Wilson is looking for trouble, he'll find lots of it."

There was a continuation of cross-firing until amid laughter the Mayor finally restored order. The motion carried.

AND THE COLLECTOR CATCHES IT.

The tax collector wanted further expression of opinion from the Council about enforcing collection of taxes yet remaining unpaid. Coun. Wilcox

said the recommendation of the finance committee was plain. The Council wanted the taxes collected. If there were any ratepayers to whom the payment would cause hardship, the course was open to them of appearing before the Council with a statement of their case. All who had thus far appeared in that way had been dealt with generously.

The collector hinted that he would not object to an increase of salary; he had been acting several months, and \$75.00 was small pay. It was pointed out to him that the option was with himself; he need not have taken so long had he proceeded summarily against delinquents.

The Mayor remarked that he had asked the collector for a statement of taxes in arrears, and had not received it. Mr. Wallace said that the collector had told him that it was useless to prepare it then; to which the Mayor rejoined that if the collector, when he was instructed by council, would attempt to follow instructions instead of running to the solicitor to see if he could evade the work, it would be more satisfactory. His Worship read the clause in the Ordinance which authorized his request for list of arrears.

PERMANENT IMPROVEMENTS.

In the civic treasury there now reposes some \$1,500.00 (being the unexpended portion of the sum realized from the sale of the \$5,000 debentures) which is to be applied on permanent town improvements. There was some discussion respecting the course to be pursued in the expending of the money. The Mayor urged that the programme mapped out two years ago was satisfactory to the ratepayers and should be adhered to.

CORROBORATIVE.

More Expert Opinions Regarding the Quality of Our Clay Deposits.

THE TIMES is in receipt of the following letter from Mr. Wm. McGill, of the Indian Department, Ottawa, who was formerly a resident of Regina. During the time of Mr. McGill's residence in the North West he became deeply interested in the matter of the clay deposits at Moose Jaw. That his interest has not waned is evidenced by his letter:—

"I see an agitation is going on re starting works in connection with the manufacture of certain clay found south of Moose Jaw, in the Dirt Hills. When I was living at Regina, I took a great deal of interest in this clay, as Mr. McWilliams will recollect; and went to a good deal of expense in procuring samples and having it tested in the East, and in endeavoring to elicit capital to start a crockery factory. This was upwards of twelve years ago.

As the matter has again turned up, I think that perhaps an opinion or two, which I have before me as I write, might be valuable. One is from the Geological survey here, and they speak very highly of the clay. No doubt you have opinions already from them, so I will leave and quote from Prof. Carmichael of Brunswick, Me., U. S. A.:—"which clay is very scarce in this state for the reason that it is usually the product of the slow decomposition of felspar rock, and as a rule the rocks here have a fresh exposure from the action of the ice during the ice age. The deposits of clay in the great river basins of the state are, so far as I know, always blue. I find that while it (the Moose Jaw clay) is not pure kaolin, it consists very largely of that substance. It is a mixture of white clay with sand and other impurities. . . . The substance is highly refractory, fusing at the edges only when exposed to the dazzling white heat of a blow pipe. If in sufficient quantities and readily accessible, it will undoubtedly prove of value for the manufacture of furnace and stove linings and for other fire proof goods. While in its present shape it is not suitable for the manufacture of fine porcelain or earthenware, it may be possible to economically elutriate the material and thus secure the pure clay for such purposes."

Wm. Gray, vice president of the London (Ont.) Crockery Mfg. Co., says, "I gave a sample of ware made from clay near Moose Jaw (the writer made it himself). I am not saying too much when I say that from the test I put that clay to, there is nothing in America to-day, so far as I know of, that will stand against it for standing fire. I put it in the kiln that we burn our English clay in, and it stood equally as well."

MAYOR NEELAND TO RESIGN.

RESIGNATION IS IN THE HANDS OF THE BOARD.

His Worship Cannot Afford the Time That Civic Business Demands—Has Been Holding The Chair to Tide Over Debenture Emergency.

Quite a flutter of excitement was visible at the council chamber on Monday evening, when the clerk read, among other communications, a letter of resignation of the Mayor's chair, signed by His Worship Mayor Neeland.

Upon motion of Coun. Wilcox, consideration of the matter was deferred until next meeting.

To a Times reporter who enquired respecting the significance attaching to the resignation, Mayor Neeland replied in effect that the amount of time required for the proper fulfilment of the responsibilities of the office, was more than he had at his disposal. He had never contemplated filling the chair this year. Having been nominated contrary to his desire, he had at first intended to decline to act at all. Then it became evident that, if any hitch in the due election of Mayor and Council arose at the beginning of the year, more serious complication might be caused in the then pending sale of town debentures, which had been hanging fire, so to speak, for many months. On that account he consented to act temporarily. The debenture business having now been satisfactorily disposed of, he deems that he can retire without jeopardizing any municipal interest.

It is currently reported that one or more councillors also intend to vacate their seats, urging a parallel plea.

NEXT WEEK.

The Second Season of the Moose Jaw Experimental Dairy Station Will Open.

It is hoped that the Moose Jaw Creamery will be re-opened for the manufacture of butter, on Monday of next week. Mr. Moorhouse, the butter maker who had charge of the institution last season, arrived from Quebec on Saturday last, accompanied by Mr. Christian Marker, who is also a butter-maker connected with the Dominion Dairy office. These gentlemen are busy this week re-fitting the creamery building, to which additions were made last autumn. Arrangements are being perfected which will permit the handling of a greater quantity of milk than was possible last season. The Creamery Association has awarded the milk route contracts, for which this year's tenders ranged lower than the price paid last season.

The following letter from Prof. Robertson indicates the season's programme:

"I am sending Mr. Christian Marker from here to take charge of the Moose Jaw Creamery. I am sending Mr. Moorhouse with him. I shall want Mr. Marker during the early part of the season to visit some of the new creameries in the North West, during which time Mr. Moorhouse will be left in charge to make butter. Later in the season when our travelling dairy work is taken up, I expect to use Mr. Moorhouse with the travelling dairy, leaving Mr. Marker in charge of the creamery at Moose Jaw."

Selecting Plans for New School.

The members of the school board are likely to have the new school pulled down about their ears before it is built. Four sets of plans were submitted, one each from: Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina and Moose Jaw. The local architect asks us to publish the following:

Moose Jaw, May 14th, 1895.

Seymour Green, Esq.,
DEAR SIR,—I respectfully withdraw my plans, specifications and estimates, for reasons I do not wish to name. Yours truly, JOHN H. FINGLAND, Civil Engineer.

It is understood that the Board made selection of plans on Wednesday and that the set chosen was forwarded to the department at Regina for approval.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

UNDER A CLOUD.

A THRILLING TALE OF HUMAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XLII.

AT FAULT.

It was from no dread of the consequences likely to ensue that Malcolm Stratton paused with the burning paper in his hand. He knew that he had but to drop it into the clear fluid beneath, for this to burst out into a dancing crater of blue and orange flames. He knew too, that the old woodwork with which the antique place was lined would rapidly catch fire, and that in a short time the chambers would be one roaring, fiery furnace, and the place be doomed before the means of extinction could arrive. He had no fear for self, for he felt that there would be time enough to escape if he wished to save his life. But he did not drop the blazing paper; letting it burn right to his fingers, and then crushing it in his hand.

"There is no reason," he muttered, as he turned slowly back to his room. "It would be madness now, there is nothing to conceal."

He sank into his chair, and sat back thinking and trying to piece together all that had passed since the day when, full of life, joy, and eagerness, he was ready to hurry off to the church. But his long confinement, with neglect of self, and the weary hours he had passed full of agony and despair, had impaired his power of arranging matters in a calm, logical sequence, and he had to go twice to his bedroom to bathe his burning head.

At last he grew calmer, and felt able to look matters in the face. The great horror had passed away, and in so passing it had roused him to action. There was work to do, a strange complication to solve; and he settled in his own mind how that was to be done.

He must find Bretton at once; and the great question was: Where could he be?

Here was a grand difficulty at once. Where would a man like Bretton be likely to sojourn?—a man who ranged through the length and breadth of the country in pursuit of his specimen.

In an ordinary way. But what would he be doing now, and what had he done? Stratton shuddered, and pictured a strange scene, one upon which he dare not dwell; and leaping up, he took matches and a candle with the intention of going to his friend's room to try and pick up the clew there; but by the time he reached his door he was face to face with the first obstacle. Bretton's door was locked again, and, without re-summoning the help they had had that evening, entrance was impossible.

Taking the lamp he entered the bath closet to try the door at the end; but this was firmly screwed up again, and unless he broke through one of the panels, entrance was impossible at that way.

Stratton returned to his chair, hesitating to take so extreme a course; and sitting down he tried to think out a likely place for Bretton to have gone.

As he thought, he called to mind various places where he knew him to have stayed in the past; and selecting one at haphazard—an old world place in Kent—he determined to start for there at once, perfectly aware of the wildness of the scheme and how easily he might spend his life in such a chase, but there was nothing else to be done; he could trust no one; get no help. It must be his own work entirely. Bretton was master of his secret, and there could be no rest for him until the old man was found.

Stratton's mind was made up, and he hastened off to the station, caught a train, and in two hours was down in the old village, with its quaint ivy-covered houses and horse-trough ornamented with the mossy growth that dotted the boles of the grand old forest trees around.

The landlady met him with a smile of welcome which faded after a few minutes. "Oh, yes," she remembered Mr. Bretton, and his green tin candle-box and bright trowel very well. He was the gentleman who used to bring home weeds in his umbrella; but it was a long time since he had been down there. It was only a week ago that she was saying to her master how she wondered that that gentleman had not been down for so long. But wouldn't he come in and have some refreshment?

No, Stratton would not come in and have some refreshment, for he went back to town instantly.

This was an example of many such blind ventures; all carried out in the face of the feeling of despair which racked him; and the time glided on, with hope goading him to fresh exertions in the morning, despair bidding him, in the darkness of the night, give up, and accept his fate.

In course of time, Stratton visited every place in England that he could recall as one of Bretton's haunts, but always with the same result; and then in a blind, haphazard way, he began to wander about town.

Chance aided him at last; for one day he had turned out of Fleet Street to go northward, and as he passed along the broad highway—wishing that he could explain everything to Guest and bring other wits to his help, instead of fighting the weary battle in silence alone—he suddenly stepped out into the road to cross to the other side, to an old bookeller's shop, where the man made a specialty of natural history volumes. It was a shop where he and Bretton had often spent an hour picking out quaint works on their particular subjects, and he was thinking that possibly the man might have seen Bretton and be able to give him some information, when there was the rattle of wheels, a loud shout, and he sprang out of the way of a fast driven hansom.

The driver yelled something at him in passing, by no means complimentary; but Stratton hardly heard it. He stood, rooted to the spot, gazing after the cab; for, in the brief moment, as he started away, he had caught sight of the pale, worn face of Bretton, whose frightened, scared gaze had met his.

Under a cloud, and Stratton was staring after the cab in speechless horror, for upon the roof, extending right across, and so awkwardly placed that the driver half stood in his seat and rested his hands upon it with the reins, was a large, awkward-looking deal box; evidently heavy, for the cab was tilted back, and the shafts rose high, as if the balance was enough to hoist the horse from the pavement.

At last! And that scared look of the pale-faced man, and the strange, heavy case on the cab-roof, with every suggestion of haste, while he stood there in the middle of the road as if a victim to nightmare, till the quickly driven vehicle was too far off for him to read the number.

Suddenly the power to move came back, and, dashing forward in the middle of the road, Stratton shouted to the man to stop.

"He won't stop—not likely," growled another cabman, who had seen Stratton's escape. "Shouldn't loaf across the—"

Here, sir," he cried suddenly, as a thought flashed across his brain. "Hi! guv'nor! jump in—I'll fetch him for you."

He whipped his horse up alongside of Stratton, well caught at the idea, and, seizing the side of the cab, sprang in.

"Quick! Five shillings if you keep that cab night."

The wide road was open, and pretty free from vehicles, and the horse went fast, but the cab in which Bretton was seated had a good start, reached the cross street, and entered the continuation of that which he was pursuing. Stratton's man drove up as a number of vehicles were crowding to go east and west, and the flow of those from north and south was stopped by a stationary policeman; while racing at the sudden check, Stratton ground his teeth with rage.

"All right, sir," came down through the little trap in the roof; "he'll let us go across directly, and I'll fetch up the cab in no time."

They were not arrested much above a minute, but the interval was sufficient to give Bretton's cab a good start, and when leave was given to go, the case on the roof was invisible, and the question arose in Stratton's mind—what way had it gone?

Into one of the station yards, or straight on over the bridge into South London?

He raised himself a little to peer over the horse's head, but he could see nothing, and turning round, he thrust up the trap.

"Faster—faster!" he cried. "You must overtake it. Faster!"

"All right, sir," shouted the man hoarsely; and crack! crack! went the long, heavy whip on one and then on the other side of the wheel, but worn-out screw between the shafts.

The result was a frantic plunge forward, and though the driver dragged at and worked the bit savagely, the horse tore on at a gallop for about fifty yards, with the cab yawing from side to side; then the tiny flash of equine fire died out, and the horse's knees gave way. Down it went with a crash. Stratton was dashed forward heavily against the curved splash-board, to which he clung and the next thing he saw was the driver rising from some where beside the horse, that lay quiet still now on its side, while shouts, the faces of people who crowded up, and the vehicles that passed on either side, all seemed dim, confused, and distant.

Then bells of a curiously sharp, quick tone were ringing loudly in his ears.

"Hurt, sir?"

"Yes—no; I think not. Quick, stop that cab," said Stratton huskily; but, as he spoke, he knew it was in a confused way, and that for the life he could not have explained what he said.

"It's far enough off by this time, sir," said a voice beside him, "and if you ain't hurt, I am. Never went in training for a hachabot. Here, Bobby, help us up with the fiery untempered dog. That's the second time he's chucked me over the roof. Wait a minute, sir, and I'll do a man out of his tares."

"Too late," was all Stratton could think of then. "I could not overtake it now."

And in a dim, misty way he seemed to be watching Bretton hurrying away with that heavy, awkward case which contained—

Yes, he muttered with a shudder, "it must be that."

CHAPTER XLIII.

BY A RUSE.

Such a chance did not come in Stratton's way again.

"If I had drunk that when Guest came and interrupted me—when was it? Two years and more ago," sighed Stratton one night, "what an infinity of suffering I should have been spared. All the hopes and disappointments of that weary time, all the madness and despair of the morning when that wretched convict came, all my remorse, my battles with self, the struggles to conceal my crime—all—all spared to me; for I should have been asleep."

A curious doubling sense crossed his face slowly at these thoughts; and, resting his cheek upon his hand, with the light full upon his face, he gazed straight before him into vacancy.

"How do I know that?" he thought. "Could I, a self-murderer, assure myself that I should have sunk into oblivion like that—into a restful sleep free from the cares I had not too cowardly to meet and bear? No, no; it would not be to be. Thank God! I was spared from that."

He looked sharply up and listened, for he fancied that he heard a sound; but a step faintly heard on the paving outside seemed to accord with it, and he went on musing again about Bretton, wondering where he could be, and how he could contrive to keep hidden away from him as he did.

"If we could only meet," he said, half aloud—"only stand face to face for one short hour, how different my future might be."

No, he said, aloud, after a thoughtful pause, "how can I say that? L'homme propose et Dieu dispose. We are all bubbles on the great stream of life."

He half started from his chair, listening again, for he felt convinced that he heard a sound outside his door, and going across, he opened them softly and looked out, but the grim, ill-lit staircase and the hall below were blank and silent, and satisfied that he had been mistaken, he went back to his seat to begin musing again, till once more there was a faint sound, and as he listened he became conscious of a strange penetrating odor of burning.

Stratton's face grew ghastly with the sudden emotion that had attacked him, and for a few moments he sat trembling, and unable to stir from his seat.

"At last!" he said in a whisper; "at last!" and, conscious that the time had come for which he had longed and toiled so hard, he felt that the opportunity was about to slip away, for he would be unable to bear the encounter, if not too much prostrated by his emotion to rise from his seat.

It was only a trick of the nerves, which passed off directly; and he rose then, firm

and determined, to cross gently to first one and then the other door by his mantelpiece, where he stood, silent and intent, breathing deeply.

Yes; there was no doubt now. He was inhaling the penetrating, peculiar odor of strong tobacco; and at last Bretton must have returned, and he was sitting there smoking his eastern water pipe.

Stratton drew softly back, as if afraid of being heard, though his steps were inaudible on the thick carpet, and he stood there thinking.

"If I go," he said to himself, "he will not answer my knock." And feeling now that Bretton might have been back before now unknown to him, he tried to think out some plan by which he could get face to face with his friend.

A thought came directly, and it seemed so childish in its simplicity that he smiled, and was ready to give it up, but it grew in strength and possibility as he looked round and took from a table, where lay quite a little heap that had been thrust into his letter box from time to time, four or five unopened circulars and foolscap missives, whose appearance told him that they were, and armed with these he opened his door softly and passed out, drawing the outer door to, and then stole on tiptoe downstairs and out into the dimly lit square.

"He will not notice that it is so late," he said to himself, as he looked up, and saw just a faint gleam of light at Bretton's window, where the drawn curtain was not quite close.

Stratton paused for a moment, and drew a long breath before attempting to act the part upon which he had decided. Then, going on some twenty or thirty yards, he turned and walked back with a heavy, decided, business-like step, whistling softly as he went, right to the entry, where, his door, thrust in and drawn out a letter-packet thrice, making the metal flap of the box rattle, gave a sharp double knock, and then crossed the landing and went the few steps, whistling still, along the passage to Bretton's door. Here he thrust in, on one of three circulars, with a good deal of noise, through the letter-flap, gave the customary double knock, went on whistling softly, and waited a moment or two; and then, as he heard a faint sound within, gave another sharp double rap, as a post-man would who had a registered letter, or a packet too big to pass through the letter-flap, and the door was opened a little way.

The ruse was successful, and with beating heart Stratton stood waiting a little on one side, as there was the click and grate of the latch, and the door was opened a little way.

That was enough. Quick as lightning, Stratton seized and dragged it wide, to step in face to face with Bretton, who started back in alarm and was followed up by his friend, who closed both doors carefully, and then, gazing at the bent, gray-headed, weak old man who had shrunk back behind the table, whereon the pipe stood burning slowly, while the unshaded lamp showed a dozen or so of freshly opened letters on the table, explaining their owner's visit there.

Stratton did not speak, but gazed fiercely at the trembling old man, who looked wildly round as if for some weapon to defend himself, but shook his head sadly, and with a weary smile, came away from his place of defense.

"You have succeeded, sir," he said quietly. "Seventy-two. Has the time come? I ought not to fear it now."

Stratton uttered a harsh sound—half-gasp, half-cry.

"Well," continued Bretton, who looked slightly aghast and bent since they had last stood face to face, "you have found me at last."

Stratton's lips parted, but no sound came; his emotion was too great.

"It will be an easy task," said Bretton, "to make you understand that I am not a murderer. No sounds are heard outside these chambers—no even pistol shots."

There was an intense bitterness in those last words which made the young man shrink, and as Bretton went on, "I shall not struggle against my fate," he uttered a cry of astonishment and fear.

"Sit down," he said softly. "Why do you taunt me like this? You have been here before from time to time. Why have you hidden from me like this?"

"I have my reasons," said Bretton, slowly. "Why have you come?"

"You ask me that?"

"Yes; you have hunted me for months now, till my life has been worthless. Have you come to take it now?"

"Why should I take your life?"

"To save your own. You believe I heard or witnessed that?"

He paused before uttering the last word, and pointed to the door on his left.

Stratton could not suppress a shudder; but, as he saw the peculiar way in which the old man's eyes were fixed upon him, a feeling of resentment arose within him, and a voice sound almost harsh when he spoke again.

"I had no such thoughts," he said. "You know better, sir. Come, let us understand one another. I am reckless now."

"Yes," said Bretton coldly.

"Then, if you have any fear for your life, you had better get out of this room, for I am within call to protect you, for we have to say must be for our ears alone."

Bretton did not answer for a few moments, during which time he watched the other narrowly.

"I am not afraid, Malcolm," he said; and he seated himself calmly in his chair. Then, motioning to another, he waited until Stratton was seated.

"Yes," he said quietly, "I have been here from time to time to get my letters."

"Why have you hidden yourself away?" cried Stratton fiercely.

"Ain't I?" said Bretton, gazing at him thoughtfully from beneath his thick, gray eyebrows. "You want a reason? Well, I am old and independent, with a liking to do what I please. Malcolm Stratton, I am not answerable to any man for my own life."

Stratton started up, and took a turn to and fro in the dusty room before throwing himself again in his chair, while the old man quietly took the long, snake like tube of his pipe in hand, examined the bowl to see if it might be broken, and then, with all the gravity of a Mussulman, and the tolerance of a Mohammedan, he took the air of the silent place.

"Forgive me," he said feebly; "I was half mad."

"Yes."

"How could I, crushed by the horror of having taken a fellow-creature's life, cursed by the knowledge that this man was—"

"But you cannot know that?"

"Take it, boy, that I know everything," said the old man, resuming his seat. "Then have some pity on me."

"Pity for your folly? Yes."

"Folly! I tell you, I will take it that you know everything, and speak out now, Bretton—"

me. I was in my room there, elate almost beyond a man's power to imagine, in another hour the woman whom I had idolized for years was to be my wife. Recollect that, two years before, my hopes had been dashed to the ground, and I had passed through a time of anguish that almost unbent my brain, so great was my despair."

"Yes," said Bretton, "I recall all that."

"Then that man came, and I was face to face with the knowledge that once more my hopes were crushed, and—be fell."

Stratton ceased speaking, and sat gazing wildly before him into the past.

It was in a husky whisper that he resumed: "I stood there, Bretton, mad with horror, distraught with the knowledge that I was the murderer of her husband—that my hand, wet with his blood, could never again clasp hers, even though I had made her free."

The old man bent his head; and, gathering strength of mind and speech, now that he was alone speaking out openly in his defense, Stratton went on:—

"It was horrible—horrible! There it is, all back again before my eyes, and I feel again the stabbing, sickening pain of the bullet wound which scored my shoulder, mingled with the far worse agony of my friend's death."

"I had killed her husband—the escaped convict had killed her husband—that all was over now, that my future was blasted, came the knowledge that, as soon as I called for help, as soon as the police investigated the matter, my life was not worth a month's purchase. For what was my defense?"

Bretton sat in silence, smoking calmly. "That this man had made his existence known to me, shown by his presence that his supposed death was a shadow—that, after his desperate plunge into the sea, he had managed to swim ashore and remain in hiding; the dark night work and the belief that he had fallen shot, being his cloak; and the search for the body of a convict soon being at an end. You see all this?"

"Bretton bowed his head.

"Think, then, of my position; put yourself in my place. What jury—that would believe my story that it was an accident? It seemed to me too plain. The world would say that I slew him in my disappointment and despair. Yes, I know that might have been my defense, but I must have taken his place—a convict in my turn."

Stratton ceased speaking, and let his head fall upon his hand.

"Put yourself in my place, I say. Think of yourself as being once more young and strong—the lover of one whom, in a few short hours, you would have clasped as your wife, and then try and find excuse for my mad action—for I know now that it was mad, indeed."

"Yes, mad indeed," muttered Bretton. "Well, I need say no more. You know so much, you must know the rest. They came and found me, and I was killed—robbed and murdered. They found me at last, when I was forced to admit them, looking, I suppose, a maniac; for I felt one then, compelled to face them, and hear the old man's reproaches, in horror lest they should find me guilty of the crime of my death, and no word to say in my defense. Nature could bear no more. My wound robbed me of all power to act, and I fainted—to come to, fearing that all was discovered; but their imaginations had been so excited, they had found my wound and the pistol. It was an attempt at suicide. Poor Guest recalled the first—I do not wonder. And they went away at last, looking upon me as a vile betrayer of the woman I loved, and sought in their minds the cause of my despair, and the cowardly act I had attempted to escape by her father's wrath. Bretton, old friend, I make no excuses to you now; but was I not sorely tried? Surely, few men in our generation have stood in such a dilemma. Can you feel surprised that a struck man by his balance as a man—sane and thoughtful man—I should have acted as I did, and dug for myself a pit of such purgatory as makes me feel now, as I sit here making my confession, how could I have gone through so terrible a trial, and yet be here alive, and able to think and speak like a suffering man?"

The silence in the room was terrible for what seemed an age before Bretton stretched out his trembling hand and took that of the man before him.

"Hah!"

Malcolm Stratton's low cry. It was that of a man who had long battled with the waves of a great storm, and who had at last found something to which he could cling.

There was another long and painful pause before Stratton spoke again, and then, in a low, hoarse voice, he said:—

"No," he said; "we must never clasp hands again. I must go on to the end a pariah among my kind."

Bretton shook his head.

"I have put myself in your place often," he said slowly, "and I have felt that I might have acted much the same."

Stratton looked at him eagerly.

"Yes; my great fault in you is that you should not have trusted me."

There was again a long silence before Stratton spoke.

"I felt that I was alone in the world to fight my own battle with all my strength," he said wearily.

"And that strength was so much weakness, boy. Mine, weak as it is, has proved stronger far."

Stratton looked at him wonderingly.

"Yes; how much agony you might have been spared, perhaps, if you had come to me. But I don't know—I don't know. You acted as you thought best; I only did the same, and not knowing all your thoughts, I fear that I have acted as you thought best for a few moments, and then, raising his eyes—

"I have told you all. It is your turn now."

Bretton bowed his head.

"Yes," he said, "it is better that I should know the truth, than that I should be deceived."

But he was silent for some time first, sitting back with the tips of his fingers joined, as if collecting his thoughts.

"You remember that morning—how I came to say good-by?"

"Yes," he said, "I started, and then found that I had forgotten my lens. I hurried back, and had just entered my room when I heard voices plainly in yours. My book-closet door was open, that of your bath room must have been ajar. I did not want to hear, but the story tones started me, and the words grew so fierce—your own voice in your thought of how you raised your voice in your excitement—that I became alarmed, and was about to hurry round to your room, when a few words came to my ears quite plainly, and in spite of its being dangerous, I hurried into the book-closet and was drawn to the thin loose panel at the end."

"There I was enchained; I could not re-

tract, for I had heard so much of the treason position in which you were placed. My mind filled in the blanks, and I grasped all."

Bretton passed to wipe his brow, wet with a dew begotten by the agony of his recollections, before he continued:—

"I stayed there then, and watched and listened, almost as near as if I had been a participant in the little life drama which ensued. There, I was with you in all, boy—swayed by your emotions, but ready to cry out upon you angrily when I saw you ready to listen to the wretch's miserable proposals, and as proud when I saw your determination to sacrifice your desires and make bold stand against what, for your gratification, must have meant finally a perfect hell for the woman you loved."

Then, in the midst of my excitement, there came the final struggle, as you nobly determined to give the accused up to the fate he deserved so well. It was as sudden to me as it was horrible. I saw the flash of the shot, and felt a pang of physical pain, as, through the smoke, I dimly saw you stagger. Then, while I stood there paralyzed, I saw you fly at him as he raised his pistol to fire again, the struggle for the weapon, which you struck up as he drew the trigger."

"Yes," said Stratton, "I struck up the pistol as he drew the trigger; but who would believe—who would believe?"

"And then I saw him reel and fall, and there before me he lay, with the blood slowly staining the carpet, on the spot where I had so often sat."

He wiped his brow again, while Stratton looked at him with the same look of amazement which he had seen in his face in his hands, as if to hide from his gaze the scene his friend conjured up from the past.

"Malcolm Stratton," continued the old man, rising to lay his hand upon the other's head, "you were to me as a son. As a father loves the boy born unto him, I wear I felt toward you. I looked upon you as the son of my childless old age, and I was standing there gazing at you, face to face with the horror of that scene, while, with crushing weight, there came upon me the knowledge that, come what might, I must summon help. That help meant police; and, in imagination, I saw myself sending you to the dock, where you would perhaps, from the force of the circumstances—as you have told me you might—stand in peril to accept them. Thus the present Governor of the Cameroons, relating in an official dispatch his first meeting with the Abomei of Alpzin, writes as follows:—

"The chief grasped my hand and, turning up the palm, spat into it; then looking into my face he did the same to me. Staggered at the man's audacity, my first impulse was to knock him down, but his features expressed kindness only. So I returned the compliment with interest. His delight was excessive, and he told his companion that I must be great, and that he must be great."

These newly decorated kings and chiefs entertain likewise strange and eccentric notions with regard to the disposal of their dead. Only slaves are buried out of doors."

THE HONORED DEAD.

are interred under the floor of the house, where they must make things pleasant for the living. The corpse is first hung up by the neck to the roof of the hut, where it remains until time has altered it sufficiently to allow the bones to appear and the head to drop off. It is then placed in an ox-hide, and finally deposited in a hole in the floor.

In the Slave Coast of West Africa, among the Yorubas, the happiness of the dead is believed to depend upon a properly performed funeral; the latter is therefore always conducted with great pomp and ceremony. Should the relatives of the dead be unable to procure sufficient money for the elaborate rites, they are obliged to sell the children as sold for this purpose. A death will sometimes be concealed for many days, while the family are scraping up the money for the funeral.

The custom of burying the living with the dead is still continued in three parts of Africa. The wife of a dead man is usually the victim, several unfortunate creatures being put to death at the same time to make a little diversion in the proceedings. The dead is not looked upon with much veneration by some of the African races. Among the Mpongwe of the West Coast nobody is allowed to exist who is not hale and hearty, or who cannot make himself useful. Not only are weakly infirm or diseased and disabled adults disposed of, but old people who can no longer gather sticks, or draw water, or who develop a tendency for telling long stories are put to death.

Enforce the Game Laws.

There are obvious reasons why the game laws should be enforced this year with the greatest rigor. The extreme cold weather has destroyed a large proportion of fur and feather animals, leaving the outlook for next summer and autumn exceptionally small. Last autumn's sport in both domains was the best known for a long period; but next autumn will have a different tale to tell. Even the streams will lack their usual population and thrum, and plain and upland will be largely barren for the hunter. Aside from the thinning of the game, there is the other consideration, especially if the game laws are not put in operation promptly at the beginning of the legal term and every violation sharply punished. The gourmand, therefore, who, to gratify his appetite now, especially on savory birds, is accessory to the violation of the law for the protection of their species, will pay his fine next winter even if he escapes it at the present time. The fine is heavy enough to make illicit game trade perilous. The trade itself should be animated with enough respect for law to refuse to violate the statute whose benefits are for it as well as for the consumers and the creatures whose little lives are brief at best.

A Small Matter.

First Peasant Woman—I'm so sorry your husband died. And then the funeral expenses!

Second Ditto—Oh, I wouldn't have minded the funeral expenses if he had only remained alive.

RINGS IN ROYAL NOSES.

WHERE AFRICAN MONARCHS WEAR THEIR DECORATIONS.

Not Having Coins They Hang Nobly Orders on Fustian Portions of their Anatomies—Experience of a German Governor With an African Chief.

Emperor William has actually conferred decorations and orders upon a number of the negro chiefs and kings who are either his vassals or his allies in West Africa. In civilized countries the stars and crosses and ribbons of these orders of chivalry are worn affixed on the breast of the uniform or coat. But inasmuch as the newly-created knights prefer to dispense with clothes, considerable speculation prevails at Berlin as to what method they will adopt of adorning themselves. That the fashions which they will inaugurate in this matter will be of a novel and extraordinary character may be regarded as a foregone conclusion.

A BLACK KING.

ruled over an immense tract of territory east of the Cameroons, and who has received from the German Emperor the Prussian Order of the Crown, uses his Prime Minister and Secretary

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

The Things We Leave Undone.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The letter you don't write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for
With troubles enough of your own—

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find,
They come in night and silence,
Each child, reproachful wrath,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a bright has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great
To suffer our slow composition
That lingers until too late,
And it's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you the bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.

In the Dining Room.

A silence cloth of felt or cotton flannel
Should always be spread under a table
cloth.

Fruits in variety tastefully arranged with
green leaves make a handsome table
ornament.

At meals at least people have a right to
expect pleasant talk, and even the merest
trivialities are more welcome than the sug-
gestion of strife.

The water glass should be filled within
about half an inch of the top, and the same
common sense rule of moderation should
prevail in the general serving of the food.

The very best dinner served in an accom-
modately heated dining-room pulls upon the
appetite and the appearance of the food,
the dishes and the general manner in which
the food is put upon the table largely affect
the inclination of the dinner, agreeably or
otherwise.

Dinner cloths and napkins should be of
snowy white damask finished at the edges
with a hand-made hem, and if ornamented
with a monogram or initials these should be
embroidered with white silk or linen floss.
They should be soft, laundered, the cloth
ironed with as few folds as possible, and
the napkins simply folded square.

Pretty Trifles.

Girls that want to lend a specially festi-
ve air to their best frocks when they
wear them on very dressy occasions are
adding flower collars. These are made of
satin ribbon on which are sewn, very close
together, some flowers without foliage. A
pretty one is of lavender ribbon thickly
sown with violets. Another is pink with
wild-rose blossoms, and a third is white
with white azaleas. These collars take
the place of the regular stock collar, and
are finished with a bow in the back.

Lace skirts will be worn again this sum-
mer with the dressy silk waist that are
still a prominent feature of fashion. These
waists are now made with much exqui-
site lace, and are adjusted
smoothly over close-fitted linings, so that
one can only admire them as most becoming
and useful adjuncts to the toilet. The
carefully fitted blouse is a thing of the
past, happily for the wearers; and, al-
though blouse effects are given, it is over
a very trim lining, so it is only an effect.
It is simply the difference between slouchi-
ness and grace.

A Chapter on Pastry.

In making pastry mix it quickly, avoid
unnecessary handling, and bake immediately;
unless it gets into the oven at once it
will be tough and heavy. Never use the
hands to mix pastry, if you want it short
and flaky. Use, instead, a broad-bladed
knife.

It is better, when making pies, to use
half and half, or one-third lard and two-
thirds butter, but puff paste should be made
of butter alone. Use good, sweet butter,
and if possible use home rendered lard, lard,
always sift the flour before using, add the
salt and thoroughly chop the shortening in
the flour. Use enough ice-cold water to
hold all together, handling as little as pos-
sible. Pinch off enough for one crust;
roll lightly and roll from you. Use only
flour enough on the rolling pin and board
to keep the dough from sticking. Never
grease the pie tin, but dust slightly with
flour.

Pies should be baked in a moderately hot
oven to a light brown. Have the greater
heat on the bottom, that the under crust
may be well baked. A pie that is properly
baked will slip from the tin with careful
handling, and if placed on a wire rack
where the air can pass under it, it will
not become moist. If the pie is
inclined to stick to the pie-tin, give the tin
a few careful "pops" when you first take it
from the oven.

In making a "juicy" pie, pin an inch-wide
strip of white cloth around the edge of the
pie. This will prevent the juice from cook-
ing over the edge.

Recipes.

Cabbage Salad.—Have the cabbage chop-
ped fine and in a deep dish. Put in a
step-pan, over a rather hot fire, one cup-
ful of thick sour cream, stir in while
boiling the yolks of three well-beaten eggs.
Add a half a teaspoonful each of mustard
and sugar and butter the size of an egg,
with a dash of white pepper and salt.
While cooking, stir in half a cupful of
strong vinegar. This makes a smooth,
thick dressing, with a delicate creamy
taste, superior to the old method. Pour
over the cabbage while hot, and mix thor-
oughly. — M. H. B.

Old-Fashioned Tea-Cake.—This is an
excellent recipe for an old-fashioned tea-
cake which is still very popular in New
England, given in the Home Journal: One
quart of flour, four eggs, one-half cup of
melted butter, one cup of warm milk, half
a yeast cake, one half teaspoonful of soda
dissolved in hot water. Beat the eggs to
a stiff froth; add the milk, butter, soda
and a little salt. Stir the yeast to a smooth
batter and beat the yeast in well; set to
rise in a buttered dish, which it must be
baked and sent to table. Let it rise six
hours. Bake steadily three-quarters of an
hour.

Head Cheese.—At this season, a recipe
for this article may be useful. Take the
heads, tongues and feet of young, fresh
pork, or any other pieces that are conven-
ient. Having removed the skin, boil them
until the meat is quite tender and can
easily be stripped from the bones. Then
chop it very fine, and season it with salt
and pepper and ground cloves if you choose,
or sage leaves rubbed to a powder. Mix it
all with your hand. Put it into deep
pans with straight sides, and press it into
hard and firm with a plate that will fit the
pan, putting the under side of the plate
next to the meat, and placing a heavy
weight on it. In two or three days turn it
out of the pan and cut it into thin slices.
Use mustard and vinegar over it.

GREEN PARROTS' TALES.

One Belonged to Queen Bess and Two

Adopted Three Little Gray Kittens.

The very oldest parrot story on record
comes down from Queen Elizabeth's day.
She owned a fine-talking bird, gifted with
so much wit and good sense. Her Majesty
was far fonder of him than her hawk and
greyhound. He wore a ruff of bright
ribbons about his neck, little gold bells on
his feet, and sitting on his royal mistress's
shoulders, would give saucy answers to the
noble ladies and gentlemen to whom her
Majesty gave audience. One day when
the Queen went on a water party in the
royal barge, whether in flight or frolic,
Polly, who had been prowling about the
boat, fell plumply into the river, and the
parrot boldly jumped in and rescued the
frightened bird. Then a dispute arose as
to how much the man should be paid.
"Let us leave it to the parrot," said the
Queen. Polly, who had sat silently pre-
siding his bedraggled feathers looked up,
winked his round red eyes and said in a
gruff voice: "Oh, give the knave a
grat!" and that put an end to the dis-
pute.

THE CLEVEREST PARROT

ever known was the property of a poor
artist named O'Keefe. The bird not only
talked cleverly, but sang sweetly, in a
tenor voice. His favorite song was "God,
Save the King," but not a sound would the
parrot make on Sunday. He enjoyed
church-going and sat solemnly on the back
of a pew, paying the most respectful at-
tention to all that was said. One day, while
the sermon proved very long and tiresome,
the good clergyman arriving at an impres-
sive pause, just to give weight to his
words, and the sobered parrot screamed out:
"Amen! amen! now let us be off!"
He then strutted out the door, near which his
master sat, leaving the good-natured
clergyman, too, laughing heartily.

The fame of this parrot's achievements
reached the royal palace, whereupon King
George commanded the bird to be brought
to court. When Polly entered the royal pres-
ence and was ordered to sing "God Save the
King," not a sound would the bird make.
Then His Majesty, put in quite a rage by
this obstinate discourtesy, stalked out of
the room. Hardly had the door closed,
however, when the parrot broke gayly into
the national anthem, in a voice so fine that
the King delightedly re-entered the room
and offered O'Keefe

A PRINCIPAL SUM

for so gifted a bird. O'Keefe loved his
feathered friend too dearly to part with him
and, tucking Polly close to his breast, under
his shabby coat, begged his Majesty's leave
to keep him. When the parrot died the
British Museum bought the skin and stuff-
ed it, and today Polly is to be seen in the
museum at Oxford.

A PARROT'S PHILOSOPHY

A learned Philadelphia Philo-
sopher, who is both in German and English,
He loved to sit in a sunny back window
and tea seed and crumbs to hungry city
sparrows; not only were his feelings hurt,
but he would scream and scold, unless per-
mitted to bless all the family good-night
and good-morning.

He loved to sit in a sunny back window
and tea seed and crumbs to hungry city
sparrows; not only were his feelings hurt,
but he would scream and scold, unless per-
mitted to bless all the family good-night
and good-morning.

THE MONEY FOR BLOODSHED.

Emerson's Sum: Hearded by the Govern-

ments of Europe in Case of War.

It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that
the amount of hard cash now reserved by
the various Governments of Europe in view
of a possible outbreak of war exceeds that
than falls short of £150,000,000, which
would not under any circumstances be
parted with, even for the most temporary
object. It does not require much investi-
gation to prove that the outcome of this
must be anything but beneficial.

The miser who hoards his gold injures
others as well as himself, just as a land-
owner who deliberately permits his broad
acres to lie waste is inflicting a blow upon
the community which might live and thrive
upon the produce of the soil. For the
greater part of the last twenty years first
nation and then another has played the
part of the miser, and laid a greedy
hold upon treasure which should have been
allowed to circulate and increase manifold
the wealth of those through whose hands
it passed. Nor could this have happened
at a more unfortunate time; for while the
gold of silver increases by leaps and
bounds, that of gold fell away rapidly.

WHERE WAS PARADISE?

PROFESSOR HAUPT SAYS IT WAS NEAR CAUCASUS.

A Chapter in This Mystery of Bible His-
tory—New Theories Brought Out in an
Interesting Controversy Now Going on
in Germany.

The theologians and Bible savants in
Germany are excited over an attempt to
definitely locate the geographical site of
Paradise. This has for centuries been a
mystery of Biblical history as impenetrable
as the site of the lost continent of Atlantis.
In fact, one theory has it that Paradise
was in Atlantis and that it was therefore
swallowed up when Atlantis disappeared
from the face of the earth.

Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch, of the University
of Breslau, believes that Paradise was
somewhere in ancient Babylonia. He is
an expert on the history of that period and
has finished a book in which he seeks to
prove his theories.

However, his colleague, Prof. Paul
Haupt, who has seen advance sheets of the
book, is out with an essay in which he
pronounces Delitzsch's location of Paradise
in Babylonia as improbable.

Haupt agrees with Delitzsch that the
First Book of Moses, chapter 11, 10-14,
must be looked upon as the original source
of the story of the fall of Eden. "It is
generally accepted," he says, "that the
Genesis was written by Moses at the be-
ginning of 1300 B. C., but investigation
has proved that the story of the four rivers
mentioned therein in connection with
Paradise was a later addition."

Haupt then says that it was impossible
for the writers of the seventh century B. C.
to have the exact geographical knowledge.

A PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN SCIENCE

At this time, and all sorts of fantastic
theories about the earth were entertained.
The Greek writer, Arrian, thought the Nile
had its source in India, and Alexander had
the same belief. Hipparchus, who lived in
the second century before Christ, believed
East Asia and East Africa were connected
by land. The learned men of that day and
later, as to their geography at least, now
seem to have been very ignorant.

The Biblical narrative reads as follows:
"And the Lord God planted a garden east-
ward in Eden. . . . And a river went
out of Eden to water the garden and from
thence it branched out and became into four
heads. The name of the first is Pison: it
is that which compasseth the whole land
of Havilah, where there is gold. . . .
There is bdellium and the onyx stone. . . .
The name of the second river is Gihon: it
is that which compasseth the whole land
of Ethiopia. . . . The name of the third
river is Hiddekel: which goeth to-
wards the east of Assyria. And the fourth
river is Euphrates."

Regarding these four rivers Haupt says:
"Two of the rivers cannot be taken
literally. These are the Euphrates and the
one known as Tigris, twin streams flowing
through Mesopotamia (the land between
the rivers). The Hebrew narrators count
the Paradise rivers from east to west. The
Tigris and Euphrates are the only rivers
mentioned in the Bible. Further to the west
the Gihon, encircling Ethiopia, and springing,
according to the Bible, from the same source
as Euphrates and Tigris."

"If the reader will consult a modern
map he will find that there is no such river
as the Gihon. It is possible that the Hebrew
narrator followed the line of thought expressed
by Alexander, who believed that the African
river Nile had its source in the northwest-
ern part of East India. Was the mythical
Gihon River the imaginary Nile of India?

THE FIRST PARADISE RIVER.

The Pison, is further removed to the East
River and the land through which it flows
are well described in the Bible. Gold was
found in the region, and also bdellium,
which is the equivalent for myrrh, a
transparent gum resin. The onyx men-
tioned in the Bible translation, however, is
not found in the original Scriptures, which
speaks of "Schohan" as the product of the
land. "Schohan" is the Hebrew for sam-
son, meaning "the gray jewel" that is our
pearl of today. We learn this from the
cuneiform manuscripts dating from the
inhabitants of Babylon in Pre-Semitic times.
Martin Luther is responsible for the mis-
take. See former article in this issue. The
translation and has been retained in spite of
many Bible revisions.

"What is Havilah—the land of sand?
Geographers and scientists agree that
Arabia is meant, not the whole of Arabia,
but the Arabian Peninsula, with the excep-
tion of Northern Arabia. Wherever in the
Old Scriptures Havilah (the Land of Sand)
is mentioned, South Arabia is meant; if
nothing else, its natural products, gold, myrrh
and pearls, would indicate that."

"The Pison River, which flows, wavy
stream, and that, in my opinion, permits
of the construction that the Persian Gulf
and the Red Sea are referred to. I am
astonished that nobody has thought of this
solution before. The Hebrew narrator
evidently thought the Persian Gulf and the
Red Sea formed an immense river, which
flowed all around Southern Arabia, and
had a source common with the Euphrates
and Tigris and the imaginary Asiatic Nile.
It will be said: 'We can well imagine that
somebody may mistake the narrow Red Sea
for a broad river, but the Persian Gulf,
never!'"

"To these critics I make answer: The
question must not be considered from the
present standpoint of geography. Maps
constructed in the Middle Ages show that
such mistakes happened as late as that."

ANOTHER POINT.

The Assyrians always called the Persian
Gulf 'the Salt River' or 'the Salt River'.
The old Hebrews made no distinction
between river and sea. For instance: The
same word that stands for Mediterranean
is also used to indicate the Euphrates, and
on all the old maps the Euphrates and
Nile are made as prominent as the Medi-
terranean.

"Evidently, the Hebrew writer had no
clear conception as to the mouth of the
Euphrates and Tigris. He did not know
that they flowed into the Persian Gulf, but
assumed they were lost in the swamps of
Southern Babylonia. A conception popular
in Arabia, as a map of the world by an
Arabian geographer of the year 1000 A. D.
proves."

"Taking the Biblical story, together
with the above corrections, into consid-
eration, we must conclude the Paradise was
located on the south of the Caucasus.
This is in an eastward direction from the
location of the Hebrew narrator, in the

neighborhood of the sources of the Eu-
phrates and Tigris, and in the extreme
north of the earth as far as it was then
known, in that mythical region from where
God proceeded to the earth, according to
Hebrew legends.

"That God lived in the north was an
idea generally accepted among the Heb-
rews. The Babylonians too believed in
Paradise and the Tree of Life; according
to their idea, Eden was situated near the
Persian Gulf, in the neighborhood of the
region where the four rivers fall into it.
For there are four rivers, though not the
rivers mentioned in the Old Testament."

"Of the rivers of the Scriptures we have
to this day Euphrates and Tigris; the
others are Kerah and Karoon. It can be
proved that all four of them, in olden times,
fell into the Persian Gulf."

"As to imaginary source 'of the river
that went out of Eden to water the garden,
and from thence parted and became into
four heads,' I can only assume that the Black
Sea, situated above the resources of the
Euphrates and Tigris, is meant."

THE DECLINE OF MARRIAGE.

The Marriageable Age For Men Has Ad-

vanced From Twenty-five To

Thirty-Two.

The female writers of fiction who are just
now acting as prosecutor and judge in the
trial of the men of the day, find a chief
cause of condemnation in the decline of
the matrimonial impulse. Very few of the
reasons advanced for that decline, however,
touch the real root of the difficulty. To
begin with, the writers mistake its nature,
which is not so much that the desire to
marry has weakened, as that it is gratified
later than it used to be. The causes as-
signed for this postponement—the growing
selfishness of the young men, their love of
liberty and of bachelor comforts—have
little existence in fact. The selfish, comfort-
loving man generally marries, knowing that,
with an assured income, his comforts will
be increased; while as respects liberty, the
class which wants to use it for license is
small and steadily diminishing. Young men
are celibates longer than they used to be,
not because the matrimonial impulse has
declined, or because they are more misog-
ynists than their ancestors, but because they
have not sufficient means for early marriage.

The impulse to marriage is not impaired,
but they have become increasingly fearful
of the cost of marriage, and hence they to
assume its responsibilities until reasonable
independence is assured. And as this in-
dependence comes later than it used, mar-
riage is correspondingly deferred.

This condition there are various
causes. The growth of higher education in
this country tends to keep young men out
of active business life longer than their
forefathers were kept. While, formerly,
young men were settled in business or
professional life at twenty-five, the major-
ity of them are now wholly self-
supporting before thirty. Though this
late beginning to their advantage in many
ways, its effect is to postpone marriage, and
apparently to augment the number of those
who do not marry. With more thorough
intellectual training, young men are, too,
less romantic, and more disposed to take a
sober and serious view of life and its
responsibilities. They are more ready to
weigh the consequences of any action, and
less inclined to take risks either for them-
selves or for those whom they would select
as partners. No doubt, so far as they are
concerned, this is a phase of the selfishness
of which the lady novelists complain. But
it is unselfishness, too, so far as it is an
unwillingness to take a girl out of a good
place and place her in a poorer one. That
the chief cause is lack of assured income
sufficient to marry early. The increase of
wealth has also raised the standard of
living, so that what was considered forty
years ago a sufficient income to maintain a
family in comfort, is now insufficient.

Lavished capital brings smaller returns, and
in consequence, the elder class of business
men remain longer in business than keep-
ing the younger men out. Meantime, the
latter are kept down by the increasing
competition, now become so fierce that the
number of those struggling in the market-
place is in many lines of business sufficient
to fill all vacancies twice over. The result
is that the marriageable age for men has,
in the upper middle classes at least, been ad-
vanced from twenty-five to thirty-two.

Men have not lost the impulse to marriage,
but the conditions for satisfying it early
have become steadily less.

And it is difficult to suggest any remedy.
Possibly one might be found in giving to
women the right to propose. Undoubtedly
by some means are timid and bashful, and
lack the courage to make a choice; or do
not marry because they fear lest the woman
they want will refuse. But the
advantages of this plan are likely to be
overborne by its disastrous effect on the
temper of women, owing to the larger num-
ber that might be refused. A better remedy
would be that adopted by the French, that
is, the giving of a certain dowry to each
daughter. But the average father could not
be induced to systematically save for that
purpose, and the average young man de-
pendent upon his wife. As respects a
solution of the problem by a return to
simpler habits of living there is little to
hope. The new generation want to begin
where their fathers left off; and in the
general increase of refinement, the "simpler
habits," which would at all content
the educated, are far from inexpensive.

The conclusion is, then, though it may
seem a barren one, there is no remedy
which promises to be effective, and that
conditions must continue much as they
are.

No Sense of Humor.

Little Johnny—That young man who
comes to see you must be pretty poor who
companion. He hasn't any sense of humor.
Sister—Why do you think so?
Little Johnny—I told him all about the
funny way you rush around and bang
doors, when you get mad, and he didn't
laugh a bit.

She Was Right.

Mr. Sharpe—If there were no women,
the men would have nothing to laugh at.
Mrs. Sharpe—If there were no women,
the men would not want anything to laugh
at. They wouldn't feel like laughing.

Where She Isn't.

Mr. Oldstyle—Is Mrs. Newgate at home?
Mrs. Newgate—No. Newgate is an escaped
woman, ma'am. She is never at home.

SMART LIFEBOAT WORK.

THE TAURIC SAVES FOURTEEN MEN FROM THE SINKING RIALTO.

Giant Swells. Relief of a Wrecker South-

east. Put the Lives of Rescuee and

Rescued in Peril—Fear Jumped into the

Sea and the Sea Came Down a Tant

Line Stretched Between Ship and Life-

boat.

With every yard of "muslin" drawing,
even to her lofty skylights, the Nova Scotia
clipper ship Rialto steered south from the
island of Lova de Tierra, off the Peruvian
coast, on Aug. 10, deep laden with guano
and bound for Antwerp. She was com-
manded by Capt. Joseph Bain, a hardy
blue nose, and carried a crew of twenty-
three men. She sailed through placid seas
under sunny skies until the middle of Sep-
tember, when she took a heavy gale from
the north and broke her rudder post. She
limped into Valparaiso, where she remain-
ed until Oct. 4, making repairs. Then she
went on her way southward, rounded the
Horn without mishap, and stood north
into the Atlantic. Off the Western Islands,
known to landmen as the Azores, she ran
into rough weather from the southeast.
The tumult lasted five days—from Feb. 3
to Feb. 8—and, because of her low freeboard
the Rialto was constantly swept by seas.
Her deck seams were open and water ran
through the interstices into the hold, con-
verting the upper part of the cargo into a
mass of ill-smelling mud.

The ship was holed to under lower main-
topsal, forestay, and mizzen storm try-
sail. Her cargo shifted to starboard and
she lay for several hours almost on her
beam ends. A tall comber swashed over
the starboard side, crushing twenty-four
stanchions and carrying away two lifeboats.

The gale died away to a brisk wind,
leaving a gigantic southeasterly swell, and
the ship righted. All hands had been
pumping for forty-eight hours without
gaining on the flood in the hold.

THE PUMPS BECAME CLOGGED.

and the skipper sent men below to clip a
few feet from the suction pipes, so that the
comparatively clear water on the top of
the cargo might be drawn off. But the
pumps choked again, and two more feet
were cut off with cold chisels. The hands
of the men were blistered and they were
nearly exhausted from exposure and lack
of food. For four days they had only hard
tack and water, made brackish by the fre-
quent invasions of the seas.

The skipper says that there were nine
feet of water in the hold, and that the
foundering of the ship was a question of
hours only. He looked in his intercom-
municator to find what the flags could
most eloquently say for him, and he rigged
signal halliards from the monkey gang, at
the mizzen cross-tree. Then he ran up two
square code flags, one with blue and white
checks and the other white, with a red St.
Andrew's cross. The first represented the
letter N, and the other V, and combined
they meant, "I am sinking."

After off to the north on the morning
of Feb. 10, while the Rialto was rolling,
helplessly in the trough of the sea, the
skipper saw the swaying masts of a bark
which was bearing down on him. The bark
was within half a mile of the sinking
ship, and the skipper saw the red and white
flag on her stern, and through Capt. Bain's
binoculars, was indistinguishable. So tall
were the long, crestless swells that when
the vessels were in the troughs only the
topmasts of one were visible to the men on
the other. The bark heaved to seaward of
the Rialto, which indicated that she ex-
pected the Rialto's men to leave her in
their own boats.

Capt. Bain said he thought that he could
keep the ship afloat until the next morning
and advised the men to stick by her until
the sea had gone down a bit. Mate R. V.
Monroe said that he didn't believe she
would last more than a few hours, and
with the skipper's permission, he would
abandon her. Eight men decided to risk
their lives with the mate. They launched
the main lee yawl, which was well man-
aged and made for the bark. Their ship-
mates saw them

HAULED ABOARD UNHURT

apparently, and some of them, wanted to
launch the yawl and take their chances in
the giant swells. Capt. Bain said he
would stick by the ship up to the last mo-
ment.

Just then smoke was seen far to the
southwest. It was from the twin-screw
freighter Tauric, the White Star line,
about 420 miles out from Queenstown.
Capt. Thomas Jones of the Tauric had
spied the Rialto thirteen miles on his starboard
bow, and had read through his glasses the
appeal fluttering from her mizzen. He
steamed farthest off of his course and lay
to. Chief Officer R. W. Keane volunteered
to take a lifeboat ready for launching.

The Tauric steamed about a quarter of
a mile to windward of the Rialto, and the
lifeboat was swung out on the davits. The
Tauric was rolling heavily, and as the
lifeboat was being lowered, it struck the
tall freighter's steel side several times.
Four of the men were trying to keep the
boat clear had their arms hurt between
the gunwale and the ship's side. The
shoulder of one was dislocated. At last
the lifeboat touched water and cleared the
ship.

It bounded off, down one declivity
and up another, looking to the men on both
vessels as if it would be overwhelmed at
any moment. The lifeboat was rowed
within fifty feet of the lee side of the Rialto,
while Capt. Bain's men tried to run a line
from the main lee yard to the lifeboat.
They expected to slide down the line into
the lifeboat. But the ship rolled her yard-
arms nearly under, and this method of
rescue was abandoned. Then the lifeboat
came closer alongside—perhaps within forty
feet—and Chief Officer Keane shouted,
"Jump, if you want to be saved!" Every
sailorman wore a life belt, but all could
not swim. Four leaped over the ship's
side, and, after floundering around in the
icy waters for half an hour, were picked
up by the gallant Britons.

There were still ten men, including the
skipper, aboard the sinking ship, and they
would not risk themselves in the sea. The
lifeboat's crew rowed under the ship's stern
and got a line aboard her. The skipper
began to make the line fast to the tail-
rail. The other end was secured at the
stern of the lifeboat. Then the hardy life-
savers bent to their oars and the line

tautened. A sailor caught hold of the line
and hand over board, made his way to the
lifeboat. He was buried once, by a mighty
swell, but emerged

SPUTTERING AND SHIVERING.

yet safe and sound, and was dragged aboard
the lifeboat. All reached the boat, with
nothing worse than a frigid shivering. The
Captain, following a nautical tradition, was
the last man to leave his ship.

The Tauric landed the fourteen men at
New York on Tuesday. Capt. Bain says:
"It was noble in Capt. Jones to go so far
out of his course to save us. The Tauric
was merely a spect, that we saw only when
she was riding the top of a swell, when she
headed for us. The swells were higher
than any I had ever seen. When my ship
was in the trough of a sea and the Tauric
was in the trough of another I could see
only the tops of her funnels. There was
not a man aboard the Rialto who was
hurt."

Capt. Bain and his men signed and
presented the following to Capt. Jones:
"We the undersigned members of the crew
of the ship Rialto, wish to express our gra-
titude for our miraculous rescue, and the
kind treatment we have received from Capt.
Jones, the officers and crew of the steam-
ship Tauric."

"Words fail when we consider the tre-
mendous seas that were running and the
prompt manner in which Capt. Jones re-
sponded to our signals of distress, coming
many miles out of his course, and persever-
ing for six hours. Every one of our men was
taken off unhurt, although nearly all of
Capt. Jones' men were injured, more or
less. The chief officer deserves the highest
credit for his skill and

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JOB PRINTING

"And what is writ, is writ—Byron."

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1895.

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

A timely and very practical letter has been forwarded to the Minister of Interior by the Moose Jaw Board of Trade, in reply to the communication which enclosed Prof. Macoun's report on prairie fires. We print the reply in another column.

The C.P.R. Co. has at last become aroused to the necessity of preventing prairie fires, and it is important at this gratifying juncture that the Dominion Government should in like manner be aroused to act in unison with the company, in a practical and earnest endeavor to eradicate the twin and mutually consequent curses of prairie fires and drought. Completely prevent prairie fires for three years, and nature's irrigation will need no auxiliary in Western Assiniboia! Once cover the prairies with a natural sward, and even the likelihood and danger of the spread of fire is lessened one-half!

But while our people remain apathetic as they have been, and as a majority are yet, how may we expect to arouse the Government from their lethargy? The average settler cares not a whit about the fire, so long as it does not encroach upon his hay field, or burn his house and granary; although it is clearly demonstrated that such familiar catastrophes, serious as they are individually, do not constitute a tenth part of the evil that is resultant upon the denudation of the prairie. Were that the only loss entailed the Government could well afford to let the settler gain wisdom by experience, and learn to protect himself. But since it is proven that prevalent prairie fires are rapidly transforming a fertile province into a barren desert, surely it is time for the conservators of public interest to move a pace in advance of public opinion, and to adopt a drastic remedy for this fatal plague.

The Government need have no suspicion that the Board of Trade is overstating the case when they say that the chief cause of crop failures is prairie fires. Prof. Macoun's report plainly indicated the same. The C.P.R. Co.'s action is, however, the best proof. That company is not spending a cent this year that can be avoided; and the fact that the company finds it necessary in its own interest to spend money to prevent fires, is warrant for Government action. The company's decision is the decision of level-headed business men who spend money only to reap a benefit.

We earnestly ask the Territorial press to study the prairie fires question, and attempt to arouse the people of the Territories and through them the Dominion Government and North-West Assembly to a realization of the tremendous evil that has been and is being wrought.

TAKE NO CHANCES.

Talking of the Hudson's Bay road, the Lethbridge News says that investigations already carried on afford at least remarkable grounds for supposing the navigable season of the Bay is long enough for successful operations, and it seems that more certain information cannot be obtained until the experiment is actually made; and that it is surely worth taking some chances to secure the benefits of the road.

Taxpayers in Eastern Canada look

at it differently. If put upon oath, we fear we should have to look at it differently too. With us in the North-West, it seems more that probable that the wish is entitled to the parentage of the thought that the Bay is navigable to the point of practicability. In point of fact we cannot be said to know that the Bay is navigable sufficiently long every season to make the road a success. We may as well now as later realize that the people of Canada will not build the road until the fact of its practical usefulness is established beyond cavil. What, then, is our expedient course? Why, to have authoritative and thorough investigation made just as speedily as may be. We want the road, we believe it is practicable, and we cannot get it without further investigation. Then in investigate without more ado.

If the hundredth chance should go against us, and it be ultimately found that our hope is a delusion, then the collapse of a scheme that had involved millions of money, would be infinitely a worse thing for this country in the end, than will be a five year's wait. The old saws, "look before you leap," and "be sure you are right, then go ahead," can be very well applied in this case.

ALL THERE, NICHOLAS!

The census shows that there are 4103 daughters of Eve in the constituency of Western Assiniboia. Of these 133 are widows. Surely there need no longer be wonder that the gallant member for Western Assiniboia, who possesses all the fascinations of gay bachelorhood, would like to put ballots into as many of these dainty hands as possible. He thinks, sly dog, that he knows how most of them would be marked. But the Man-Who-Parts-His-Hair-In-The-Middle should beware. Woman suffrage breeds Mrs. Leases; and if a Mrs. Leases were to appear at Regina, she might want the cushioned seat at Ottawa he now so gracefully adorns. It is true that his proposed bill seeks to prevent such a calamity by forbidding women to sit in Parliament though they may help choose the man who is to do so; but how long does Mr. Davis imagine that such a bar would exist if there were a woman vote in the constituencies to be catered to? Nicholas F. might easily be hoist by his own petard. — *Montreal Star.*

EXTEND THE CRITICISM.

Conservatives in Ontario are raising Cain because, since the session of the local House, Mowat appointed a member of the Legislature (Wood of Brant) to a lucrative provincial berth. The agitation is perfectly right. The principle of such appointments is pernicious and cannot be justified. Dominion Parliament affords a ranker case just now. Davis, Member for Alberta, has pocketed his appointment as Gold Commissioner in Yukon. He is still occupying his seat in Parliament. By what torturing can his votes this session be construed as independent?

THE BENEFICENT POLICY.

John Watson of Ayr, whose name as an agricultural machine maker has been for years a household word in Canada, is the latest manufacturer when the National Policy has sent to the wall. The foundries which twelve years ago were thriving all over Ontario are being gradually thinned out, and the bands of monopoly draw closer and tighter. As a matter of fact it is only those who may by monopoly recoup themselves, that can withstand the outrageous duties that are levied upon iron—the raw material which most largely is used in the making of implements.

ALBERTAN ENTERPRISE.

The Calgary Herald has launched an Edmonton edition upon the sex of Alberta newspaperdom. Its success will speak volumes for the enterprise of its publisher and the prosperity of its field. But have a care, Brother Herald, that the "Tribune twins" do not use this as evidence that they are crowding you out of Calgary. In any case, with Crough at one end and Oliver at the other, your spare moments, though far between, will be filled with fun.

Do You Know Its Cause.

Indigestion: Do you know when you have it? Do you know its cause and cure? Ask your druggist for Ripans Tabules. One gives relief.

That "Householder" Question.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested in your late editorial, entitled, "Who is a Householder?" within the meaning of the "North-West Territories Representation Act," which Act defines the qualification of persons entitled to vote in Dominion elections. The meaning of the word "householder" is not defined by the Act and we are necessarily compelled to look for a judicial interpretation. In the last election too wide and extended—in short, too loose—a construction was given to the word, and The Standard newspaper, whose article you criticize, tends to encourage in the next electoral contest, a continuance of this erroneous practice. It is important that the privilege of exercising the right of franchise or suffrage should only be accorded to those strictly entitled to it; and it is therefore highly advisable that the meaning of this seemingly ambiguous word should be more generally understood.

Your definition of the word from Stroud's Legal Dictionary and Wharton's Law Lexicon are correct as far as they go, but brief, as all lexicons must necessarily be, they do not clearly define the meaning of word. Wharton says a householder is "An occupier of a house" or "A master of a family." Stroud's definition is somewhat fuller and better. This learned author says the word "will not include a lodger or temporary inmate" of a "house." The meaning of this last word is defined by the same author to be "a structure of a permanent character, structurally severed from other tenements (and usually, but not necessarily, under its own roof; that is used or may be used for the habitation of man, and of which the holding (as distinct from lodgings) is independent."

Aided by these definitions more fully expressed in the text books, but more particularly guided by judicial decisions, which form part of the common law of our land, (one of which I refer to), a "householder," within the meaning of the Act, includes (1) the owner or owners of, or the lessee, or tenant, or occupant in good faith (bona fide) of a house; (2) It may include several leases, or tenants, or occupants of the same house, provided the parts occupied by each of said several leases, tenants or occupants of the same house is structurally severed from the rest of the house, and have each a separate or independent means of exit and ingress to and from the street or outside, uncontrolled by any superior landlord. That is, under such conditions, there may be several householders in the one house; (3) The word will not include other bona fide renters, or lessees, or occupants of rooms or parts of houses not included in the last mentioned section; (4) It will not include any temporary owners, or inmates, or tenants, or lessees, or occupants of houses or parts of houses, who are such merely with the intent of thereby gaining the qualification of voters, and are not such (bona fide) "in good faith;" (5) It will not include boarders or lodgers.

The Judgment of Chief Justice Bovill in Thompson vs. Ward (reported in Vol. 6, English Law Reports, Common Pleas, page 360) aided by the above definitions, is my chief authority for the above deductions, which declare the law as clearly as possible in so limited a space. It would be interesting even to a layman to read the judgment of this learned judge, but I know that you have not sufficient space at your command to enable me to give a full citation. I will merely quote his words defining "lodger" as distinguished from a "householder" in relation to the franchise:—

"Generally speaking a lodger is a person whose occupation is of part of a house and subordinate to and in some degree under the control of a landlord or his representative, who either resides in or retains the possession of or dominion over the house generally, or over the outer door, and under such circumstances that the possession of any particular part of the house held by the lodger does not prevent the house generally being in possession of the landlord. When a landlord resides in part of a house and there is an outer door from the street and he, by himself or his servants, has the control of this outer door and undertakes the care and control of rooms let to other persons and the access to them, and these rooms themselves have not anything in the nature of an outer door and are not structurally severed from the rest of the house, there can be little hesitation in saying that an occupier of these rooms, being part of a house, is only a lodger. On the other hand if there be no real outer door to the street, and neither the landlord or his servants nor any one representing him, occupies any part of the premises or exercises control over any part of them and the rooms occupied by any person are structurally severed from the rest of the house and have an outer door to the general landing or stair case and no one but such tenant has or exercises any care or control over the room or that outer door, as a general proposition, the person so occupying those rooms, or part of a house, could not properly be said to be a lodger. He would be a householder."

I cannot quote further, but enough has already been said to make it apparent that ordinary Returning officers, or even the enumerators, who prepare the voters' lists, under the Act, would have difficulty in determining who are entitled to the franchise. At least they could only conjecture. The Act as it at present reads encourages the abuse of the franchise by unscrupulous voters in heated election contests. It lends an invigorating hand to "Perjury" and "False Representation."

And now that the Federal Parliament purpose at the present session to amend this Act in other particulars, it should amend it in this, and either give us manhood suffrage pure and simple (or as you, Mr. Editor, or Mr. Davis might add, universal suffrage, that is women included) with proper residential qualifications; or tell us in plain and unambiguous language who is a householder.

W. J. NELSON.
Moose Jaw, May 8th, 1895.

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Cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Sluggish Liver and all Stomach Troubles.

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Are Purely Vegetable, elegantly Sugar-Coated, and do not gripe or sicken.

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Midnapore Mills,

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Are prepared to give a fair price for wool delivered at Midnapore Siding on the Calgary & Edmonton railway in exchange for Blankets, Flannels, Tweeds and Yarns, all manufactured of pure fresh wool, and free from shoddy or admixture of any kind, at fair current prices.

These goods are similar to home spun, and of good wearing quality.

Blankets, any color or size, \$5 to \$8 a pair.

Tweed, from 60c. to \$1 a yard.

Flannels, from 30c. to 50c.

Shirts, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

Vests and Drawers, \$1.25 to \$1.50.

Suits to measure, \$16 to \$18.

Samples or instructions for self measurement sent on application.

W. J. NELSON.

Moose Jaw, May 8th, 1895.

Damp Days

often bring coughs and colds, while

PYNY - PECTORAL

brings quick relief. Cures all the inflammation of the bronchial tubes, throat or chest. No uncertainty. Relieves, soothes, heals promptly.

A Large Bottle for 25 Cents.

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OYSTERS IN BULK.

Prepared to suit the most fastidious. Cooked to please every customer—in every known style and form

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Elaborately fitted up with latest improvements. Lighted throughout with electric light. Billiard hall and commercial rooms in connection. Every accommodation for the travelling public

Choice Liquors and Cigars.

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Hogs bought and sold. Fine Dressed Hogs on hand for sale.

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES.

First-Class Livery Rigs.

Best accommodation for the travelling public.

Draying to all parts of the town.

Premises High Street.

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The Cheapest and Quickest ROUTE

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Cabin, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80. Intermediate, \$25 to \$35; Steerage \$10 and upwards.

Passengers ticketed through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland and at special low rates to all parts of the European continent. Prepaid passage arranged from all points.

Apply to nearest Railway or Steamship Agent.

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Dishes, Granite ware, Brushes, Paints, Oils, Hardware, Tinware, Etc.

Store, House and Lot, also 4 separate lots close to business portion of the town.

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Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free to any doctor, druggist, or patient. Write to Dr. J. W. Bole, 101 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Church Directory.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Supt. Sunday School—J. E. Battell.
Services—Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock; Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. A. P. Ledingham.
Services—Sunday 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2:30 p.m. Y.P.S.C.E. at 8; Thursday, Prayer Meeting, 7:30. Everybody welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. F. B. Stacey, B.A.
Weekly Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; E. L. of C. E. Monday evening at 8 p.m.; Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.
The public are cordially invited. All seats free.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Incumbent—Rev. Wm. Watson.
Sunday Services: Matins at 11 o'clock; Holy Eucharist monthly; Sunday School and Adult Bible Class at 2:30; Evensong at 7:30 (choir practice afterwards); Matins daily at 8:30; Evensong 7:30. Holy Baptism at any service.
All seats free and unappropriated.

A CALL TO ARMS.

Practical Suggestions Made by Board of Trade for Quelling Prairie Fires.

The following is draft of a memorial recently forwarded to the Minister of the Interior by the Moose Jaw Board of Trade:

DEAR SIR,—The Council of the Moose Jaw Board of Trade begs to acknowledge the receipt of the letter from the Department of the Interior bearing date the 27th March last and numbered 123293 forwarding to this Board a copy of the report of Prof. Macoun on the subject of prairie fires and to say that it—in the opinion of the Board a very valuable one—has been carefully perused and considered by the Board.

The Board is entirely in accord with the views which are therein expressed regarding the subject of prairie fires and their injurious influence on the soil and climate of the North-West Territories, and chiefly of Western Assiniboia and Southern Alberta. It is glad to learn that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has recently entered into a contract by which a fireguard will be placed this season on both sides of their track from Swift Current to Indian Head. This ought to accomplish much good in keeping down fires. The Board however is of opinion that the branch lines from Pasqua and from Regina to Saskatoon should also be fireguarded in the same way, and the fire guard made last season west of Swift Current should be this year cultivated so as to prevent the growth of weeds thereon. This Company is thus manifesting its conviction that prairie fires cause a grievous injury to the country.

This effort to keep down the fires will however do but little benefit to the country unless the Government will without delay vigorously take in hand the keeping down of these fires throughout the unsettled part of the country, especially Western Assiniboia and Southern Alberta. While a great many of the fires which have in the past been devastating the country have come from C.P.R. engines, this has not been the origin of by any means all of them. A large number of them have been otherwise caused. The keeping down by the Government of fire throughout the unsettled country is the necessary complement of the making of these fire breaks if any beneficial result is to be obtained therefrom.

And this Board entertains no doubt whatever that this can be done only by stationing annually, and during such part of each year as the snow is off the ground, throughout this unsettled country, a body of men, a special Fire Police or Mounted Police, in small detachments of from six to eight each, at distances from each other of from fifty to fifty miles, under very strict orders to keep down fire and to bring to punishment those concerned in starting such fires. It is the opinion of this Board that one-half of the members of the Mounted Police force, now numbering some eight hundred and fifty men, should be available for this most important service. The other half would be sufficient under ordinary circumstances to preserve the peace of the country, and the service of the whole would be available in the case of any grave emergency arising. With the penalty for starting fires greatly increased—and in the opinion of this Board that penalty is now entirely insufficient to deter from the commission of this very serious offence—and the law thus enforced, there is no doubt that this scourge of this western country would be very greatly reduced, if not made to altogether disappear. For these fires are undoubtedly the curse of this country, in the opinion of this Board at least. Last season, for example, the crop prospect was a good one here until the middle of June. These fires then started, caused as usual drought and excessive heat, and all are aware of the deplorable crop failure which was the result. So it has been

for many years, year after year. It is in the opinion of this Board, utterly in vain to attempt to populate this country until energetic measures, such as those above indicated, will be adopted to rid this country of this scourge. Successive crop failures, arising there is no doubt chiefly from this cause, have been disheartening farmers and business men alike; and when the cause of such failures, the chief cause at any rate, is not doubtful, the Government, in the opinion of this Board, is doing much less than its duty to the country in the premises if it fails to put forth every effort, however drastic in its character, to cause this now admitted evil to cease.

(Sgd.) SEYMOUR GREEN,
Sec. Moose Jaw B. of T.

NOVA SCOTIA ORANGEMEN

Will Brook No Federal Interference with Provincial School Laws.

The Loyal Orange Association of Nova Scotia have issued their "Declaration and Finding, anent their Attitude and Intentions in reference to the Manitoba School Question," subscribed to by Grand Master Gass and other Grand Lodge officers, by authority of the members of the lodges of Nova Scotia.

The declaration recites briefly in detail the history of Manitoba school legislation, and of the Dominion Government's remedial order, in eighteen clauses, then proceeds as follows:

For the above and other reasons, therefore

1. Be it resolved, That the members of all the Primary and County Lodges of the Loyal Orange Association of Nova Scotia will resist by every lawful endeavor any attempt on the part of any party or parties to force upon Manitoba or any other Province, a separate school system where pre-con federation rights or privileges do not exist; and

2. Be it resolved, That the members of the Loyal Orange Association of Nova Scotia pray the Federal Government to reconsider the issuance of their Remedial order and the terms thereof; also pray the Federal Parliament that they do not, since they may not, make Remedial Legislation; and also pray that the members of the Federal Parliament be called upon to oppose the Parliamentary sanction of the said Remedial order, and that they oppose any measure that may tend to interfere with Provincial rights anent education, where the minority have no pre-con federation rights or privileges; and

3. Be it also resolved, That the Loyal Orange Association of Nova Scotia earnestly pray the Government and Legislature of Manitoba to refuse obedience to the Remedial order of the Federal Government; and also pray said Government and Legislature to stand by their Provincial rights anent educational laws, but that they seek to perfect their educational system towards a system from which all denominational or sectarian bias be eliminated if any such bias exist; and

4. Be it also resolved, That all true and worthy Orangemen pledge themselves to stand by this their present declaration anent the Manitoba school question and that said Orangemen call upon all true and faithful Protestants to give this declaration their careful and earnest consideration and support its contentions and conclusions by demanding equal rights to all and privileges to none and by opposing any party or parties which would seek in any way whatever to trifle with and trample upon these principles of equality, justice and right; and

5. Be it also resolved, That the members of the Primary and County Lodges of the Loyal Orange Association of Nova Scotia authorize the Grand Master, and any other Grand Lodge officers on their behalf to subscribe their names to this declaration as expressive of the beliefs, opinions and purposes of the Loyal Orange Association of Nova Scotia; and

6. Be it also resolved, That when this declaration has been endorsed by the Primary and County Lodges of the Loyal Orange Association of Nova Scotia, and in their name subscribed to by certain of the Grand Lodge officers, as aforesaid, it be printed in circular form and copies be sent to all the members of the Federal and Provincial Governments, to all the members of Parliament of Canada, and Legislature of Manitoba, to all the Primary and County Lodges; and also that it be printed in all our provincial and other newspapers, and thus given as wide a circulation as possible, so that all men may know by this same where the Loyal Orange Association of Nova Scotia stands on this question and why.

Signed on behalf, and by the authority, of the members of the Loyal Orange Lodges of Nova Scotia. Shubenacadie, April 1895.

Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

EPITOME BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

A century has elapsed since his name became a synonym for power in Europe, and the one hundredth anniversary of Napoleon's rise to fame has been marked by a revival of interest in his life and character. For several months past, all the magazines and periodicals have vied with each other in an endeavor to increase the effulgence of Napoleonic brilliancy. The appended epitome is not a late production, but it may be new to many of our readers. It is pithy and pointed—a masterpiece of English construction; while it is no less meritorious as an honest characterization of the typical anarchist of Corsica:

He is fallen. We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent and decisive,—a will, despotic in its dictates,—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character,—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of the world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a Revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth and a scholar by elixir. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talent, he rushed into the lists where rank and genius had arrayed themselves; and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition: and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the altar of his idolatry.

Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess—there was no opinion that he did not promulgate. In the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the Crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and, with a parabolic ingratitude, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and under the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame the diadem of the Caesars.

Cradled in the field, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend, or forgot a favor.

Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well that, if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself, and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder.

For the soldier he subsidized every people; to the people he made even price pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted.

The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the patronage of learning.

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A Royalist, a Republican and an Emperor,—a Mahometan, a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue,—a traitor and a tyrant,—a Christian and an Infidel,—he was through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original,—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow. His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world; and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from his reverie.

Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interests of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism, however stupendous, against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise on the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that, if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

You Don't Have to Swear Off
says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by W. W. Bole no cure no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Caron Orangemen.

At a regular meeting of Caron L.O. L. No. 1599 of the N.W.T., it was resolved, "That we are in sympathy with Manitoba as regards the School Act of 1890, and do not approve of any interference, as we do believe it to be the proper system of education; Further that we will not support any candidate that will not pledge himself to support the non-sectarian School Act of 1890;

And that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Moose Jaw Times.

Caron.

CARON, May 10, 1895.—The C.P.R. have increased the number of their hands on the section here. This adds considerably to the population of the town and will no doubt put more money in circulation. Owing to the boom, McFried Bros. and Mr. Cord Hawkes have opened up a first class restaurant and boarding house on South Railway street. They now wish to secure the services of a competent cook; lady preferred; no Chinaman need apply. Address Box 2217, Caron.

On Friday last week the people of our town were treated to a truly wild and woolly west show. Mr. F. Lewis, who owns a vicious cayuse and who wished to have it rounded up, secured the services of fourteen expert cow boys, chiefly under ten years of age, also Jno. Hans with six trained dogs, and the school master, all well mounted and equipped. Mr. James Hawkes acted as captain of the round up and handled the lariat. After half a day's hard riding the cayuse was run into Mr. Hans' corral, there roped and led forth in triumph.

Whoever wrote that doggerel from Caron last week should, in our opinion, have his ears elongated, be turned out on the prairie to graze, and be crowned Poet Laureate of the asses.

The faces of the farmers here are suffused with a halo of glory since the Pentecostal shower of rain fell last week. Crops are at a high premium, \$42.00 per acre.

Rev. Mr. Smith, Moose Jaw, made a few pastoral calls in Caron last week.

Arbor Day was observed in our school last Friday. In the morning a general cleaning up and renovating of the school house took place. The afternoon was devoted to the planting of seeds, bulbs, bushes and trees. The chief interest centered round the planting of a fine young Indian Rubber tree for the purpose of growing rubber straps.

F. W. Martin, West View, was in town one day last week negotiating a sale for his claim in the F. Wilson estate as it is not paying a dividend at present. Mr. Martin has found better security for investment we believe in a grazing claim in West View.

HAYSEED.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. W. Bole.

ALL MOTHERS WHO HAVE USED PALMO-TAR SOAP KNOW THAT IT IS THE BEST BABY'S SOAP for healing the delicate skin of Sore.

Baby was troubled with sores on head and legs. I tried "Palm-Tar Soap." In a very short time the sores disappeared, skin became smooth and white, and the child got perfectly well. Mrs. Houtman, Guelph.

Only 25c. Big Cakes.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Direct and Shortest Route to
TORONTO, MONTREAL, OTTAWA AND NEW YORK.

Daily trains to St. Paul, Chicago, St. Louis and all points South. The short route to Vancouver, Victoria, Portland and San Francisco.

DINING CARS ON ALL TRAINS.

Lake Steamers from Fort William.
ATHABASCA.....SUNDAY
ALBERTA.....THURSDAY

CONNECTIONS AT VANCOUVER
For the Hawaiian Islands, Australia, China and Japan. Exhibition at Kyoto, Japan, opening on April 1st. Particulars on application.

SAILINGS FROM VANCOUVER.

FOR AUSTRALIA.
MOWRA.....May 16
WARRIMOO.....June 16

FOR CHINA AND JAPAN.
EMPEROR CHINA.....May 13
EMPEROR INDIA.....June 3

For tickets and information apply to
J. K. STEVENSON,
Agent, Moose Jaw, or to
ROBERT KERR,
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FALL-OR-WINTER-SUIT

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J. MELHUISE,

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BABY BUGGIES, WAGONS, ETC.

AGENT FOR **GENDRON BICYCLES.**

Window Shades 60c. to 90c. complete with Spring Roller.

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Goes to Europe for Treatment

Suffering For Years from Insomnia and Nervous Debility—Prostrated, Exhausted—No Vitality—No Rest Until "Nature's Sweet Restorer."
South American Nervine Tonic, Built up the Nervous Organism, and Gave Back to the Worn and Exhausted Nerve-Centres their Wanted Vigor.



ADOLPHE LABODIE, B.C.L., J.P., OF THE WELL-KNOWN LEGAL FIRM OF LABODIE & LABODIE, MONTREAL.

For four generations the remarkable family of LaBodie have been prominently identified with the legal and professional life of Montreal. A long line of active, intellectual men, whose ambition to rise to prominence meant a constant drain upon the nerve forces and a tremendous demand for brain power. Mr. Adolphe LaBodie, B.C.L., J.P., etc., has for seventeen years been actively engaged in the legal profession, living, as the duties of intellectual men of this fast age demand, beyond the reserve limit of natural nerve force, requiring more of the nerve centres at the base of the brain than they can possibly fulfil, which always results in nervous prostration, dyspepsia, hot flashes, insomnia, constipation, and attendant evils.

Mr. LaBodie spared neither time nor money to obtain relief, went to Europe for special treatment, all to no purpose. His attention being directed to South American Nervine Tonic, he concluded to try it. Result—immediate relief from insomnia, and a perfect and permanent cure from all other disorders, with but five bottles of the Nervine.

There is reason in all things: business reasons in business, truthful reasons in truth. Mr. LaBodie's statement herewith is the truthful reason why, if South American Nervine Tonic cured him, it will cure you. It is the nerve builder for brain workers. Brain and stomach cannot both work at the same time with healthful and happy issues. One must suffer. Intense intellectual activity produces indigestion because the brain is consuming all the nerve power. South American Nervine Tonic holds nature to a happy poise, and life and its duties swing to fruitful success.

For Sale by **W. W. BOLE,**

Moose Jaw N.W.T.

In the smallest vessel which ever put to sea for a long journey Capt. Gustave Broman of Marshfield, Oregon, expects to sail in a short time to San Francisco, and from

Rev. Wm. Peer, formerly of Freelon, is pastor of the Baptist church at Hespler.

The Kiss Scientifically Considered
 Mother—What's that smacking noise in the parlor?
 Studious Boy (who goes to school)—It's sister and her young man exchanging microbes.

buried on Thursday in Cairo. The funeral procession which followed the remains was composed of the chief European and Egyptian officials, the members of the diplomatic corps, the religious notabilities, etc. The Khedive led the way on foot, and the crowded streets were lined by British and Egyptian troops.

The landlady objects to smoking, doesn't she? asked the new boarder of one of the older inmates.

Yes. Did she tell you so?

No; but I noticed that nothing ever comes to the table smoking hot.

The Nebraska Senate has passed the bill abolishing the death penalty.

THE DESTRUCTIVE MANIA

AT THE BOTTOM OF CRIMES AND STRANGE PASTIMES.

Michael Mania as Developed in Boys and Monkeys—Wholesale Massacres—A. S. and Port Arthur—Vandalism of the Victims—The Monster Butcher of the Circus Maximus.

"The North African monkey, or, more correctly, a modern traveler, 'are frequently seen chained to the post of an Arabidgian tavern, a chain and a pet of that sort being as necessary concomitants in civilized regions as a King and a constitution. A rupture of the concatenation creates an alarm as if the chained beast of the Apocalypse had broken loose, and if an unchained monkey gets a five minutes' chance at a kitchen or a parlor he can be relied upon to commit all the havoc a creature of his strength could possibly execute in five minutes (90 seconds) to tell him at the first glance where and how to perpetrate the greatest amount of actual damage in the shortest possible time. In a harbor hotel of Cartagena I saw a specimen whose fondness for the bottle had made him a more than local celebrity. He could walk on his hind legs for minutes together, and was sometimes released at the request of his admirers, who watched his constant collisions with the legs of his chair, but on other occasions he was used to charge a real extra, to prevent his presence from inducing his ruling passion. Under pretext of returning the carcasses of his admirers, he managed to abstract their hats, upset a flower pot or two, or, in return for his performance to make a grab at a litter of poodle puppies on the veranda. His uncontrolled power proved that the lot of the transgressor is hard, but the deplored condition of his neck was owing to a peculiar trick of his as the postmaster explained it. He would hug a post near his couch under the veranda, and stretching his head back and his tongue out, would twist his neck to and fro as if in the

AGONY OF STRANGULATION.

During the temporary absence of their mother he once succeeded in deceiving the children by these symptoms of distress. They loosened his chain strap an inch or two, but happily took the precaution to lock the house door and the cellar gate. When they had forgotten the monkey house, and when the lady returned in the evening her 16 hens had been converted into plumed homunculi—bipedal without feathers and without the power of volition. On another occasion he came near setting the house on fire by wrenching the out with the contents of a large oil lamp.

Some species of lap dogs have become so gentle that they refuse to kill even mice, though they still retain the carnivorous appetites of their fox-like forefathers. Monkeys, on the other hand, though generally averse to flesh food of any kind, often kill their fellow captives for sheer love of devilry, and an English missionary who passed several years in Northern Ceylon vouches for the fact that a troop of monkeys caused the death of a child by teasing and hitting it until it lost its wits altogether and ran into the thick of the woods, where its tormentors had it completely at their mercy.

A thoroughly interesting story came a few weeks ago from Cape Town, where the son of King Lobengula had been invited to the care of a Dutch clergyman. The outcry raised about the untoward fate of the boy's father, had caused his guardians to treat him with a greater deal of indulgence, so much so, indeed, that the youngster came to consider himself a privileged personage, and one day, in the absence of the pedagogue, commenced to amuse himself with shooting arrows at the hat of his younger playmate and finally tried to imitate the fun by aiming a few bullets lower. The first shot grazed the child's shoulder, but the second scored a hit, and the young marksman fairly danced with delight when he saw his arrow stick in the

NECK OF THE LIVING TARGET.

"Why, you crazy kid, what are you bawling about?" he laughed, when his victim ran off shrieking. "Don't you know that we all have to die some day or other?" And just to "see them drop" Charles IX. of France joined in the fusillade of his Huguenot subjects on the evening of August 24, 1572, though personally the crowned monarch was not half as much of a fanatic as his pious mother. To "see them drop," a South African, called a "volley" Abbas Pasha got his troops to chase the rebels of Chios and drive them en masse toward a hill, where he had planted a battery of cannon guns, and the predecessor of Li Hung Chang arranged a similar circle hunt in a strong position.

THE TAKING INSCURANTS.

El Cid, the Joshua of Spain, depopulated whole districts of the Moorish border, conducting the campaigns on the principle of letting no man escape, and taking it for granted that every unbeliever was guilty of the unpardonable sin. In private life he appears to have been quite an easy-going fellow, and probably did not find it necessary to use theological arguments in order to stimulate the nasal laughter in the midst of his soldiers. How readily that instinct will reassert itself, even in civilized nations, has been abundantly proved by the military history of the last 200 years. From the scenes at Malpicaque to the slaughter of the Armenians, and from the first Anglo-American settlers. Every unprejudiced traveler agrees that the Russian army is not at heart a savage creature, but apt to hide a good deal of good nature and maudlin sentimentality under his shaggy countenance. His attachment to his troops is perhaps more sincere than that of any other rustic devotee of modern Europe, yet after the capture of Imael an army of these sanctified bears raged with the pitiless ferocity of their Syrian counterparts. The tale of the massacre of 48,000 inhabitants has actually perished, besides 5,700 women and 10,000 children—December 23, 1790. General Suwaroff's first account of his conquest quietly ignored these horrors, but the fact of his leading troops that had forced their way through the breach made of the staff officers, and added, that, after the massacre had once been initiated he might just as well have tried to moderate the destructive fury of a pack of brando.

WARING A CRIPPLED WOLF.

The conqueror of Port Arthur might probably plead a similar excuse, since even Napoleon, after the battle of Friedland, found it difficult to prevent his soldiers from finishing their day's work by a general massacre of the retreating Russians, whose sovereign the victor still hoped to conciliate.

Jean Jacques Rousseau in his comments upon the childish love of gratuitous mischief, remarks that "destruction is no much easier than construction, and children, like animals, naturally prefer the least difficult mode of exerting their prowess, a method which, besides, leads to quicker and more striking results." "I cannot do what Japhet does," argues our black brother, "but I can do more; I can undo it!"—"The white man furnishes the means and the red man knicks them out," as that Seminole Chieflain expressed it.

That passion for havoc has left its marks all along the shores of the Mediterranean and from Troy to the valley of the Indus. Pompey, the Great, was a confirmed destroyer. Alaric the Goth about 109 and King Attila, if we may believe his biographers, at least 3,000. Khaleel, the "Sword of Allah," boasted of having left no unruined church in the track of his victorious expeditions, and the Vandals were undoubtedly not the only savages who took a special delight in destroying works of art. Nearly all the statues in the museums of Southern Europe were resurrected from rubbish heaps. Clemens Alexandrin mentions, without comment, the zeal of converted Magistrates who made it a point of honor to clean their cities from every

VESTIGE OF PAGAN ART.

and encouraged mole of expurgators who went from house to house, smashing idols, burning pictures and smashing frescoes. The monks of the early centuries of the Latin Church celebrated auto-da-fes of pagan books which could now be found in their weights in ten-dollar booknotes, and the preservation of a few classics is due less to the tolerance of subsequent generations than to the growing scarcity of writing paper. Rather than go to the trouble of manufacturing parchment of their own, the convent scribes hoisted the manuscripts of heathen authors and with a view to further supplies of stock kept a stock of unscrupled literature, which the subsequent dawn of rationalism saved from destruction. Gibbon denies the cremation of the Alexandrian Library in the baths of the Moslem fanatic, but the outrage is by no means intrinsically improbable. Like their trinitarian rivals, the Mohammedan bigots of the seventh century were proud of their ignorance and gloried in a chance to knock out the brain products of infidel scholars, and between cowed and turbaned monks the second century of the Roman Empire had only a slender chance of escape, about 95 per cent. of their once so-called immortal contents being now lost forever.

But, after all, still more baneful vandalism was the destruction of the monuments and of orchard plantations that supported the cities of Moorish Spain. In the campaign of King Ferdinand (the conqueror of Granada) alone thousands of square miles were thus devastated and have remained in a state of desolation ever since. The southern half of the once garden like peninsula is now covered with deserts almost as hopeless as those of Northern Africa, and the consequent droughts threaten to

DEFY THE PRAYER-CURE.

It is easier to burn a tree than to replant it, and easier to turn a book than to refute its arguments; but the favorite pastime of destruction mania remains the demolition of a living organism, with its miracle of structural contrivance. Boasting of his battles and his prowess, hunters tend to crowd out every other form of amusement where the predilection of the masses get a chance to assert themselves. Pliny's account of the arena sports during the golden age of Imperial Rome far exceeds the facts of the Arabian Nights and fabled Whishalla, where our forefathers loved to get their fill of killing and carousing. The circus managers of Caligula treated the public to a massacre of 400 bears, of Nero to a snuff fight of 300 tigers with bulls and elephants, and at the dedication of the Colosseum 5,000 wild animals were slain in one day.

The capture of those brutes must have kept an army of hunters busy, for all through the second and third century the roar of the arena resounded from noon till night about 20 days of each month, and often for 100 successive days, as after Trajan returned from the Dacian campaign. If he resorted to sporting reporter of those times could see the enthusiasm of a Spanish mob in a one-hour bull-ring, he would, indeed, be tempted to endorse Leigh Hunt's complaint that "pagan Rome ate the cream of this world and left us the wretched clabber." But in stress of circumstances the arena-instinct will make itself to gratify itself even with petting and fondling. The favorite sports of the French metropolis just now is the battling of wharf rats in a 15-by-20-foot wire cage.

THE NEW DIPHTHERIA CURE.

Medical Experiences With the New Treatment to be Collected.

Steps have been taken in Germany by the editors of the leading medical journal of that country to collect for investigation the reports of the experiences of the medical profession generally concerning the antitoxin treatment of diphtheria. In this project they have the support of Dr. Behring, Ehrlich, and others, and the inquiry is to be continued until April 1, 1893. In this way there will be brought together the reports of thousands of cases, and from a careful examination of them the effect and value of the new remedy can be conclusively ascertained. The record of experience thus far is chiefly that of the hospitals in Berlin, Paris, and some other cities, although there is now accessible in France and Germany much evidence obtained from private practice, and even in this country, our readers know many interesting reports as to the use of the remedy outside of hospitals have been made. For obvious reasons the mortality in children's hospitals from this disease, under the ordinary treatment is much larger than the average mortality in private practice. The hospital mortality is also larger than the average mortality under similar conditions of treatment when the antitoxin is used. This is explained by the fact that rarely do the physicians in such hospitals have an opportunity to treat a patient with diphtheria before the third day of the disease and in a majority of hospital cases the remedy cannot be administered before the malady has become firmly seated. The collected experiences of German physicians will be naturally, especially with respect to the effect of inoculations made at the time when the remedy is most effective—that is, on the first or second day. The report to be based upon these experiences will be a valuable contribution to the history of the new treatment.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A Strange Tale Told by a Well Known Minstrel.

The Painful Results of an Injury Received Many Years Ago—Was Treated in the Best Hospital in Two Continents, but Pronounced Incurable—A Fellow Patient Pointed Out the Road to Recovery.

From The Owen Sound Times. The marvelous efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has again been demonstrated in this town. The Times referred to the astonishing case of Mr. Wm. Belrose, a well known citizen. This was followed a few weeks ago by the remarkable cure of Mrs. Monnell, of Peel street, whose life had been despaired of by herself and family and friends. A few days ago The Times reporter was passing along Division street, when it was noticed that a new barber shop had been opened by Mr. Dick Cousby, a member of a family who have lived in Owen Sound for nearly half a century. Knowing that Mr. Cousby had been seriously ailing when he came from England, a few months previous, and at that time had little hope of recovering his health, The Times man dropped in to have a chat, and before the conversation proceeded very far it was evident that there had been another miracle performed by the wonder-working Pink Pills.

"Well, let us start at the beginning of my troubles," said Mr. Cousby, when The Times man probed for particulars. "Twenty-one years ago I left my school here and joined a minstrel company. Since that time I have had parts in many of the leading minstrel companies as comedian and dancer. In the spring of 1871 I thought I would summer engage myself and took a position with Hall & Kingsley's circus, then playing in the Western States. One morning during the rush to put up the big three-pole tent, I was giving the men a hand, when the centre pole slipped out and in falling came across the string of the tent. While I fell I cut my foot, and I did not pay much attention to it. After working a week I began to feel a pain similar to that of sciatic rheumatism. For a year I gradually grew worse and finally was laid up. This was the first time I had ever been laid up. I went to St. Paul and underwent an electric treatment, and thought I was cured. I then took an engagement with Lew Johnston's Minstrels and went as far west as Seattle. About three years ago I made an engagement with Howes and Ferguson's Minstrels and went to Europe in the great American Minstrel. Before sailing from New York I suffered from pains between the shoulders, but paid very little attention to it at the time, but when I reached Glasgow I was scarcely able to walk. I went to a doctor, who told me I had sciatic rheumatism, and he gave me a prescription. After a week there, a patient until we reached Manchester, where I obtained temporary relief from a doctor's prescription. For two years the only relief I had was by taking this medicine. In May of 1893 while at Birmingham I was taken very bad and gradually grew worse all summer. An engagement was offered me as stage manager for Osley's Minstrels and I went out with them, but in three months' time I was so bad that I had to quit. All this time I was consulting a physician who had been recommended to me, a specialist, but without any relief. Hydropathic baths and other similar treatment were resorted to without avail. Finally there was no help for it and I went to Manchester, and on Dec. 12th, 1893, I was cured. I was told by the physicians who diagnosed my case pronounced it transverse myelitis, or chronic spinal disease. After being in the hospital for five months I grew worse, until my legs became paralyzed from the hips down. Dr. Newby, a house surgeon, showed me every attention and was very kind and friendly and regretfully informed me that I would be an invalid all my life. For a change I was sent to Barnes Convalescent Hospital, Cheshire, having to be carried from the hospital to the carriage and then on to the train. After a week there a patient told me of a cure effected on himself by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being thoroughly discouraged I asked for my discharge and I was sent back to Manchester, where I began taking Pink Pills. After the use of a few boxes I recovered the use of my legs sufficiently to walk several blocks. I then concluded to start for Canada and join my friends here. I continued taking the Pills, constantly getting stronger. I have taken no other medicine since I began the use of the Pink Pills, and I have no doubt as to what cured me. I now feel as well as ever and I am able to take up the trade of barbering, at which I worked during the summer months. When I remember that the doctors told me I would be an invalid all my life, I cannot help but feel that my cure was a miracle. As Mr. Cousby told of the wonderful cure, his good-natured countenance fairly shone with gratitude. He is so well known here as a straight-forward, respectable citizen that The Times may not have been able to find a plain, unvarnished statement would go for a fact with everyone who knows him.

These Pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood, or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all druggists or by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

FLOGGING IN RUSSIA.

Its Abolition Refers to the Use of the Fict, and Not the Knut.

The St. Petersburg despatch to the effect that an imperial edict had been issued during the past week abolishing the flogging of criminals apparently refers to the use of the pict or plect, and not to the knut, as was first supposed. Punishment with the knut, or more correctly the knout, was abolished by Emperor Nicholas I. more than forty years ago. The lash of the knout was composed of broad leather thongs, prepared to a metallic hardness, and often intertwined with wire. A sentence of from 100 to 120 blows was considered equivalent to death. When the knout was done away with the pict was substituted, and was substituted for it. This was considered a much milder form of punishment, but the prison officials found ways of increasing its efficacy, and death might be caused by a hundred blows of the pict. The abolition of flogging, if the report proves to be correct, affords a distinct gain for the Russian people and for humanity.

Wanted No Extremes.

Daughter—Papa, I wish you wouldn't look so severe when young men call to see me. It frightens them.

Father—How shall I look—meek?

Daughter—Um—not too meek; that might scare them off, too.

"Within 12 Hours After First Dose the Pain Left Me"—Rheumatism of Seven Years' Standing Cured in a Few Days.

I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, being confined to bed for months at a time unable to turn myself. I have been treated by many physicians in this part of the country, none of whom benefited me. I had no faith in rheumatic cures advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, of Owen Sound. At the time I was suffering agonizing pain, but inside of twelve hours after I took the first dose the pain left me, I continued until I took three bottles, and I consider I am completely cured. (Signed) J. D. McLeod. Leith P.O., Ont.

Sir Joseph Dodge Weston, Liberal member of Parliament for East Bristol, is dead. He had been suffering from influenza for some time past.

Recipe—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adam's Root Beer Extract.....one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....two pounds
Lukewarm Water.....two gallons
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

Lawyer—"You say the prisoner stole your watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch?" Witness—"It had my sweetheart's picture in it." Lawyer—"Ah! I see. A woman in the case."

You Don't Have To Swear Off.

says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac the famous tobacco habit cure. We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him "sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed no cure no refund. Book free. Sterling Remedies Co., 378 St. Paul St. Montreal.

Too Sharp for That.

A woman may put on the trousers, and shun each kitchen utensil; But its doubtful if you can arouse her, And teach her to sharpen a pencil.

Charlatans and Quacks.

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering people. The knife has pared to the quick, causing agonizing pain, have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

Sweets to the Sweet.

Take a stick to the children—a stick of candy.

Get Rid of Neuralgia.

There is no use in fooling with neuralgia. It is a disease that gives way only to the most powerful remedies. No remedy yet discovered has given the grand results that invariably attend the employment of Folson's Nervine. Nervine is a positive specific for all nerve pains, and ought to be kept on hand in every family. Sold every where, 25 cents a bottle.

A. P. 755



FRANK LEAKE, Oswego, Ont.

Pains in the Joints

Caused by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied by swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs to bed without crawling on hands and knees. I was very anxious about him, and having read

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got a half-dozen bottles, four of which entirely cured him." Mrs. G. A. LARK, Oswego, Ontario.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels.

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Wonders of Science. It is wonderful what progress has been made in the way of machinery, replied Mr. Figg. I see that there has been a machine invented that can make a complete pair of shoes in sixteen minutes. Why, that is even faster than Tommy can wear them out.

She—"Papa is saying that you stay too long when you call on me." He—"All right. I will not come so early after this."

Catarth Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On the Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS

Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS

In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkali or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations.

Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and as good as one could expect.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

Don't Forget

that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs.

Scott's Emulsion cannot be secret for an analysis reveals all there is in it. Consequently the endorsement of the medical world means something.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes Wasting, promotes the making of Solid Flesh, and gives Vital Strength. It has no equal as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrophulous Anemia, Emaciation, and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Scott & Bowne, Baltimore. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

CAUTION

Owing to the enormous sale of our famous

"Something Good"

Cigar

Other Manufacturers are putting on the market inferior goods under this name.

A poor article is never imitated, therefore the fact that "Something Good" is being counterfeited is a guarantee to smokers that it is the Best Cigar on the market.

In purchasing our trademark (The Snowball and firm name) on each box, no other is genuine. Our "Something Good" brand is registered, and no one else's other cigars under this name will be prosecuted.

Empire Tobacco Co., Montreal.

WANTED—OFFICE MANAGER in every City and County. Fortune for the right Agent. Address, D. A. EVANS & CO., 274 College St., Room 15, Toronto, Ont.

MUSKOGA SUMMER HOUSE FOR SALE. I have one of the finest properties in Muskogee, cottage, with wide verandah all around, almost new, boat house, ice house, steam launch, rubber boat, canoe, steam boat wharf, all conveniences, situated on Lake Rossan, right on steamboat channel. Price, \$2500. Terms to suit. Write to S. F. WILSON, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Canada.

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An Agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by Mail. 50c. per bottle, and \$1.00 per package. Samples free.

Dr. J. C. F. F. F

Wall Paper Again!

Our reduced prices turned the procession of wall paper buyers our way. We have sold more wall paper this spring than ever before. There are plenty of snaps yet. Join the procession.

W. W. BOLE.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1895.

GRIN AND BEAR IT, EH?

The personnel of the Freight Rates Commission afforded no ground to the freight-burdened settler in the North-West, upon which to base a hope that the necessity of relief would be indicated by the Commission's report. Not the slightest surprise is felt, therefore, at the finding of the officials. Their verdict is entirely against the complainants. The rates, they say, are neither exorbitant or excessive. No discrimination exists, it is declared.

The Commission composed of appointees satisfactory to the railway company have rendered a verdict. Now it will be in order for a Commission satisfactory to the complainants to review the evidence collated, and give decision. Such a Commission would properly be constituted of North West Members of Parliament; but it is a sorry thing for these Territories that their representatives are so bound hand and foot to the Government that little more can be expected from them than from the Government servants who formed the late Commission. The principle that constituencies are safe in being represented by Government henchmen does not hold good in every case.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Harry Night has been appointed to a position in the railway postal service. Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Robinson visited Regina on the first days of this week.

Another quarter inch of rain fell on Tuesday, and farmers are beginning to wear an 1891 smile.

Lieuts. Charlton, from Morden, and Gardiner, from Moosomin, are now in charge of the Salvation Army detachment here.

Mr. E. D. H. Wilkins, of Calgary, also well known in Moose Jaw, has very creditably passed his final examination as a barrister. He will be admitted to the Calgary bar.

Thos. Healey received a consignment of fresh strawberries on Tuesday, which he quickly disposed of at 35c. per box. They were delicious. He expects another lot next Monday.

Ed. Jackson left Wednesday afternoon for Galesburg, Illinois, to represent the local lodge of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen at the annual convention which opens at that place on Monday of next week, 20th inst.

Dr. Good, Brett and Mackid, says the Calgary Tribune, had one of the quickest trips ever made on the C.P.R. on Friday last, when they were taken to Medicine Hat to attend Dr. Peters. The 180 miles were covered in 3 hours and 18 minutes.

Dr. Peters, superintendent of the Medicine Hat Hospital, died on Saturday evening. He had been sick with fever, but had partially recovered. On Friday he was stricken with paralysis. Dr. Brett (Banff), Mackid (Calgary), Good (Winnipeg) and Calder (Medicine Hat) were summoned. The difficult operation of trepanning the skull was performed, but all efforts to save his life were unsuccessful. Dr. Peters was only 28 years of age, and was a doctor of great promise. The remains were taken east and interred at Moosomin.

Calgary's population is 2,806. Regina does not mourn alone.

Mrs. Bowden left last evening for Winnipeg to rejoin her husband.

T. Jones of the C.P.R. telegraph service is at present located in town.

Mrs. A. Wright of North Portal is visiting Miss Battell and other friends here.

E. A. Baker & Co. have placed seven centrifugal cream separators this season within this district.

Al. Prosser is a salaried first baseman in a Minneapolis professional baseball team this season.

Leut. Kemp, S.A., lately stationed here, has been promoted to a captaincy and transferred to Selkirk.

T. C. Johnstone, Regina, spent yesterday here. In practice at the traps in the afternoon Mr. Johnstone scored 17 out of 20.

F. J. Reynolds, chief train despatcher at Medicine Hat, accompanied the remains of the late Dr. Peters to Moosomin. Mr. Reynolds returned yesterday.

Among the changes and improvements being and to be made by the C. P. R. here, it is reported that the ancient station building and offices will be given a coat of fresh paint.

The rector of Regina, Rev. W. E. Brown, will celebrate Holy Eucharist at St. John's church on the Sunday after the Ascension (May 26th) at 8 a. m. He will also preach at evening, 19 o'clock.

Clive's fire-guard outfit has been moving westward, leaving in its wake an eight foot fire-break on the north side of the railway line, at a twelve-mile-a-day pace. It expected to reach Swift Current to-day.

It is reported that the C. A. C. & C. Co. has decided to withdraw from all operations in the North-West except so far as relates to cattle ranching. All other branches of the stock and effects will be auctioned off.

Mrs. McCaskill, accompanied by her son, Mr. K. P. McCaskill, left yesterday for Quebec City. "Pete" intends to return to the North-West in a few weeks. Mrs. McCaskill will probably remain in the east for a year.

D. Smith, Winnipeg, and S. A. Clark, Regina, of the Dominion Public Works service, visited town yesterday to confer with town council and board of trade respecting petitions lately forwarded praying that proper accommodation be furnished for the deputy court clerk, with vault, etc., adequate for the security of the court books and documents.

There has recently been given by Judge Richardson a decision in a matter of general interest to the legal profession. The question arose in the case of Ivor vs. McCarter, Moose Jaw. The action was upon a promissory note which bore interest at 18 per cent. until paid. On this claim the plaintiff entered judgment by default of appearance for his claim, including interest at that rate after the maturity of the note. The Judge held that under the decisions of the Supreme Court of Canada, the note only carried interest at the rate mentioned until maturity and that after that time the rate of interest was legally 6 per cent; and that as the plaintiff had entered judgment for more than he was entitled, the judgment was wholly irregular and should be set aside.

Respecting the accuracy of the census lately taken, Commissioner Herchmer is reported to have said in Winnipeg: "There has been a little grumbling on the part of the smaller towns with twelve or thirteen inhabitants because our census did not give them the totals they expected, or even which they had been credited with at the last census taken by some local man with more or less, generally less, accuracy. I wish to say emphatically that the census was correctly and rapidly taken by the Police, and that while there was no loitering over the work, there were no mistakes." Good! That settles it! We do like, occasionally, to hear a man say something as though he meant it. Mark you, there was not a solitary mistake. Perfection has been attained at last. Lawrence W. will take his oath upon it. Will the Commissioner name the size of the Queen of Sheba's corsets?

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

E. A. BAKER & CO.

WE ARE STILL IN IT

Our regular stock of Groceries, Flour and Feed, Salt, Hardware, Kalsomine, Paints, Oils, Barbed Wire are full and complete and prices to suit the times.

We are also handling all Dairy Requisites, Cream Delivery Cans, Milk Delivery Cans, Creamers, Separator Oils, &c., &c., &c.

Local Agents for Alexandria: Separators.

You can do better with us both in PRICES and TERMS than elsewhere in the whole DOMINION.

Still have limited quantities of Seed Wheat, Oats, Barley and Potatoes for sale.

We take in Exchange for Goods Anything you have to Dispose of.

FURS, HIDES, PELTS, WOOL, ETC.

SHIP ALL SUCH GOODS TO Jas. McMillan & Co.

Incorporated. 200-212 FIRST AVENUE NORTH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Goods bought right out; no commissions charged. Fair selection; immediate returns. Shipping rates furnished free upon request. There is NO DUTY ON Raw Furs or any other goods we handle.

Write for Circular giving Latest Market Prices.

Prof. Macoun in Town.

Prof. Macoun of the Dominion Geological Survey arrived from Ottawa yesterday to resume his Northwestern researches into collection of flora and fauna. He will move out to-morrow to Old Wives Lake.

Tramps to be Fed on Fines.

The C.P.R. Co. have issued instructions to train conductors to hereafter abstain from putting gentry of trains, but instead to have all such gentry arrested and presented. On Tuesday two tramps were arrested at Swift Current, and one at this point. The latter was taken before Magistrate Green and fined \$5.00. He furnished surety, and was given until June 6th to gather the amount.

Will They Compromise?

The summoning to Ottawa of Premier Greenway and Attorney-General Sifton of Manitoba, either by Lord Aberdeen or Sir Mackenzie Bowell, has given rise to rumors that an attempt is being made to arrange a compromise between the Manitoba Government and the hierarchy on the school question. The fact is, beyond dispute that the second adjournment of the Manitoba House was brought about by a message from His Excellency, Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface in the east, and it is reported that he has been invited to meet Greenway at Ottawa.

In Parliament.

The past week in the House has been marked by much theoretical debating upon the Newfoundland question, Davin's Woman Suffrage bill, etc. The action of Governor Schultz of Manitoba in publishing an opinion from Dr. Bunsen, an officer of the Dominion on the School question, was sharply condemned by McCarthy, Miller, Martin and other members of the Opposition. Charlton's Sunday Observance bill was shelved. The House will be asked to vote on a straight Prohibition resolution. Davin will move a \$20,000 grant for N.W. creameries and cheese factories, and for a bonus on butter exported to England; also to raise the duty from 4 to 6 cents to conserve B.C. markets for the North-West. Davin also will ask the government to negotiate with the C.P.R. for ten per cent reduction on freight rates, and in turn the government to further guarantee C.P.R. bonds. Davin is asking why discarded rifles have not been forwarded to N.W. rifle associations as promised.

Constantine for Yukon.

As THE TIMES announced two weeks ago, Inspector Constantine, N.W.M.P., has been ordered, with 20 policemen, to proceed to the Yukon country. Inspector Strickland will accompany the detachment as second in command and Dr. Wells, of Belleville, Ont., will go as surgeon. Inspector Constantine has just returned to Regina from Ottawa, whither he was called to receive instructions. It will be remembered that last year Inspector Constantine was sent to the northern district, and it was upon the strength of the report made by him upon his return that the government has decided to place force of the Mounted Police on duty there, to prevent smuggling, for the preservation of peace, and enforcement of law. The detachment will leave Regina on Monday, May 27th, and sail from Seattle on June 1. The route to the station of the force, at Fort Cudahy, will be to the mouth of the Yukon river, where the men and supplies will be transferred to a river steamer and a journey of 1,800 miles made into the interior. On reaching Fort Cudahy the men will cut the timbers and erect their own barracks, and will be located there for a period of two years. Large quantities of supplies, including provisions, tools, building hardware and other articles needed in a pioneer expedition, will be embraced in the outfitting of the detachment.

Royal Templars—Royal Degree.

This degree met on Tuesday evening last, Select Councillor Nelson in the chair. There was a fair attendance of members. Miss Sophia Rolan was initiated. After general business the following programme was rendered:—Organ solo, Miss Emily Hudson; Luet, "He's a drunkard to-night," Misses Hudson and Battell; reading, "A sergeant-major's story," E. Coppitt; song, "The Blue Atlantic Mountains," H. V. Fleming; reading, "Helen, the Leper," W. J. Nelson; song, "I'll remember you, love, in my prayers," Wm. Snow.

Queen's Birthday Sports.

The committee appointed a week ago have decided to postpone the proposed baseball tournament and other sports until Dominion Day. This postponement was thought advisable owing to Regina and Indian Head having local sports on the 24th, which would probably prevent teams coming from these places. However, the committee are taking steps to arrange a junior baseball match between the town clubs to take place for a small price on the morning of that day, and also a match between the Crescent Club of the town and the Buffalo Lake team to take place in the afternoon. Another match between the legends and non-benefactors that day is also spoken of. A football match between local teams will take place in the evening. So that it would seem the town will not be totally devoid of amusement.

In Memoriam.

It is with a painful realization of the mutability of all things mortal, and a most earnest conception of the insufficiency of language for the expression of spontaneous emotion, that we essay the task of describing the obsequies of the married men's base ball nine, which were conducted with adequate funeral pomp and befitting sobriety (by the umpire, officiating as undertaker) on Friday last. The service was performed the part of sexton, and the lamented benedicts were deeply buried 'neath the weight of their own errors and the ponderosity of the score piled in by the opposing bachelors. Tears of sad, sad laughter washed the face of the backdrop as the limping outfield ran and stumbled and fumbled over the long flies hit off refractory curves by the jubilant greenhorns. Oh, it was pitiful! But beware the resurrection!

Ollie Subdues the Robbers.

The absence of attempts to molest or rob express trains on Canadian railways is often remarked, in contrast to the frequency of such doings in the States. The solution of the difference is this:—Desperadoes dare not molest Canadian trainmen; whenever they have tried it, they have been forced to retire with defeat marked plainly on their carcasses. Such an attempt was made just a few days ago on a C.P.R. train between here and Swift Current. Little Ollie Olsson, of Conductor Burton's crew, tackled the gang on the blind end of the baggage van, just as the robbers were in the act of pulling the cord to stop the train and perchance rob and kill the passengers. Ollie warned them to desist; they showed fight; he pluckily faced them with a pistol in one hand and determination in his eye; his valiant front cowed the gang and they turned tail, sprang into space and have not been heard of since. The fireman, hearing the rumpus, crawled over the tender, and found Ollie exultant but withal a little faint.

John's got the Rheumatism and Muscular Pains again. Why not try the Little Blue Pills? They will cure you like magic.

For a long time I suffered with Rheumatism in the back so severely that I could not even sit straight. I tried it and was soon going about all right. S. C. HUTTON, Sweet's Corner. Price 25c.

Regation Days and Ascension.

In St. John's church on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next, special services of supplication and intercession will be held each morning at 8.30, and evening at 7.30, for God's blessing on the crops of this district especially and for the country generally. On Holy Thursday (Ascension Day, May 23rd) Matins 8.30; children's service at 10; evensong and sermon 10.30. At Buffalo Lake on Sunday, 19th, the vicar will hold service at Mr. J. de la Haye's, at 15 o'clock. All in the neighborhood are invited.

Moosomin.

(From Our Own Correspondent.) Moosomin, May 11, 1895.—The remains of Dr. Peters, late hospital surgeon at Medicine Hat, were interred here.

Prior to the departure of Insp. Constantine, who has been ordered to Yukon, a party was given in his honor by his many friends. His removal from Moosomin is much regretted.

The majority of our farmers have finished seeding.

The L.O.O.F. gave an "at home" in their hall on the 11th inst. The attendance was gratifying.

On Tuesday night a supper was given at the Queen's by the North-West Field Force, which was highly successful and greatly appreciated. R. D. MacIntyre is visiting British Columbia on business.

The Grosvenor hotel has changed hands. An Edison phonograph is in town. Football is the prevailing pastime among the boys. The new court house excavation is finished, and work on the superstructure will start next week. Butter 12 cents, eggs 8 cents, potatoes 20 cents, dry wood \$2.50. Many citizens have the grippe. Editor Hunt was down to Grenfell last week. Rev. Mr. Mitten is expected to occupy his own pulpit on Sunday.

Stoney Beach.

STONEY BEACH, May 11, 1895.—I can assure your Central correspondent that Mr. Ben Crozier reached this place in good time for the dance, and that his combination of business and pleasure proved wholly successful, as he took back a team of horses in exchange for his coat. The notion of bringing a coat as a partner for a dance struck some of our girls as ludicrous; it was remarked that Ben did not take up his partner for a waltz. Possibly that part of its education has been neglected.

Carroll "Blizzard" wants to know what should be a young man's course whose pilgrimage to see his lady love was rudely checked by her brother and cousin. I should say, if that pathway is effectually blocked, the young man ought to brace up, give his mustache an extra curl, put on his most killing neck-tie, and call on another girl. The best fish are not all caught yet.

Mr. B. Porter has returned from a visit paid to her son John at Virden, Man. Stoney Beach Sunday School has been re-organized with John Fleury superintendent; Miss Sheppard, bible class teacher; Misses Edith Hagerty and Etta Porter infant class teachers; Ed. Love treasurer; and Geo. Goodrich secretary and librarian. Now that the master of the Model Farm has settled down to good work, I anticipate that he will redeem his vow made last year, and become an early date a landman.

The boys are practising cricket and baseball for the coming season. I forgot to mention last week that the Patrons have invited their parliamentary candidate, Jno. K. Melnis, of Regina, to participate in the picnic, and it is confidently hoped that he will be present. HOMO SUN.

Marlborough Maxims.

TAKEN IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER. A is for Astleford; he's grumpy though small. B is for Beeley who delivers the mail. C stands for Crozier a Middle-west man. D is for Donald the Laird of the glen. E is for Eaton who goes over to sing. F stands for Fraser whose fiddle does ring. G is for Jack a calf if a spire you would make. H has times that will suit at both wedding or wake.

I is for Irwin (Thomas Irwin's name), who got left by his fellow and went home rather late. J is for Jack, a Green fellow is he, but he found a rich gold mine on last Xmas day. K stands for King who has the flu. L is for Laidlaw who acts the drole well, with a cane and an eyeglass he cuts quite a swell.

M is for McArthur who horseback doth go, and escorts a young lady to practice you know. N says there's nobody out on his plain but looks like a young man younger when there comes a good rain. O is the Oxen dispensed with at least by the aristocratic gentry for a speedier beast. P stands for preachers; we have more than one. We draw a sigh of relief when their sermons are finished. The one always saying; we can't understand why the other one does on his lily white hands.

Q is for Queen and her birthday draws near; if you don't want despatches from the picnic keep clear. R is for racing those racing is fun indulged in out here, and just now begun. S is for Joe Smith who swings the whip well over four stumps often with an Indian-like yell.

T is for Tom Barry the poor Connaght man. U can find out the author of this if you can. V is for Volapuk—a language not dead, but we've no time to learn it while earning our bread. W is for Watson (his historic fact that his faith in the creamery remains still intact). Y is for Young who has got a stout dame, and for greenhorns at checkers they play a good game.

And now Mr. Editor it is really too bad that I can't find a rhyme for the X or the Z. Mr. T. J. Wynn of this place has a pony that plays a practical joke better than any pony out here. It broke loose one evening at Farnwell school house while Tom was practising for the entertainment, and before he could get eyes on it again the pony had reached Benington on the L. & S. Ry., about 100 miles north of here. Parts of the harness were missing.

The trade bulletin for Marlborough says that trade prospects were never better: in fact nearly everybody is trading. For instance Mr. A. Beeley was trading cattle with T. Wynn. Mr. Sylvester traded mares with the same gent; and B. Crozier never had such a streak of luck at trading since the day he was born. We are a genuine trading community. THE JOKER.

STRAYED.

Strayed on Sec. 18, Tp. 17, Rg. 24, Eastview Farm, one grey pony gelding with halter on. Party proving brand and paying advt. may have said pony. N. T. ALLCOCK, Pasqua P.O.

TEACHER WANTED!

Second or third class for Coventry School District No. 213. Duties to commence immediately. Apply F. A. COVENTRY, 45-47p. Moosomin.

LOST, \$10 REWARD.

A band of 10 horses left Craven, Qu'Appelle Valley, last fall, near near Moose Jaw going west en route Sask. Landing, bought from Messrs. Jones & Smart, Sask. Valley ranchers. BRAND. 1 roan mare with colt, 1 bay mare, 14 hands high 1 bay gelding, 16 hands high An anchor 1 dappled grey mare 1 buckskin pony 5 and 6 1 sorrel mare No brand 1 brown 2 year old colt No brand 1 sorrel pony gelding No brand 1 sorrel pony mare No brand Any person corraling this band of horses and sending the owners word by mail will receive the above reward. Any person holding these horses after the appearance of this advertisement will be prosecuted by law. ALGERNON MORT, Rancher, Regina P.O.

RIGHT IN STYLE

WHITE AND COLORED CANVAS SHOES ARE ALL THE RAGE

The season for canvas shoes is now at hand, and for solid comfort and neat appearance try a pair of our canvas shoes. This year we are showing a very large and complete range in the different lines. We start

Ladies' White Canvas shoes..... at \$1.00
Misses' " " sizes 6 to 10 90
Children's " " " " " 75
Men's White Canvas shoes..... at \$1.35
" Colored " " " 1.25
Boys' " " " " " 75

Our stock of boots and shoes is complete in all the newest styles. It will be well to get our prices before buying, as we are offering some wonderfully good values.

M. J. MacLEOD.

James Brass
BRICK MANUFACTURER.

Makes the only Red Brick in the Territories.

Manitoba Street, Moose Jaw

Candies!

Candies!

Candies!

THOS. HEALEY

Has just unpacked and placed on exhibition the most complete and select stock of REALLY CHOICE CANDIES ever sold in Moose Jaw.

Also Pineapples, Strawberries, &c., on the way—constantly fresh. Goods bought right and will be sold cheaper than before. Just ask the price.

THOS. HEALEY.

NEW

Shaving Parlor,

(Next door to MacLeod's store)

MAIN STREET, : : : MOOSE JAW.

I BEG to announce that I have assumed the management of the business lately established by Mr. Fred. Richards, and respectfully solicit a continuance of patronage. Customers may count upon best attention in all branches of the business.

D. McTAVISH.

Here is a Snap!

Axle grease 3 boxes for 25 cts., single harness for \$8.75 a sett, Men's and boys' saddles for \$3.50 and upwards, men's sox 6 pairs for \$1.00. We also keep a full stock of Boston coach and axle oil at low prices. Call and examine our stock.

R. E. DORAN.

HUGH

FERGUSON,

Wholesale and Retail.

BUTCHER

Fresh meats of all kinds constantly on hand.

FISH AND POULTRY.

Main Street Moose Jaw